



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Robb White – A Personal Testament”
“The Ristigouche from a Horse Yacht”

Volume 24 – Number 4

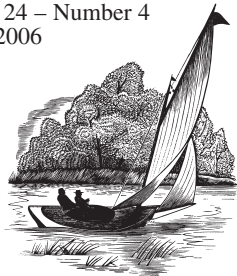
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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



As I write this on Memorial Day, it's been scarcely two weeks since Robb White's sudden and untimely death and as I compose these remarks you will not yet have received the June 15 issue in which I announced the sad occasion. By the time you read this around July 1 many of you will have heard about Robb's demise via the small craft grapevine (internet?) and all of you will have had opportunity to read about the circumstances in my June 15 "Commentary."

During these last two weeks in May I began to hear from readers expressing the shock all felt at Robb's sudden departure from our midst, and amidst the condolences expressed for his family and the individual recollections of how Robb had affected their lives, several expressed thoughts on somehow collecting and preserving Robb's prodigious writings for posterity. Herewith several examples:

Roger Allen of the Florida West Coast Maritime Museum in Cortez, where Robb was featured speaker at their Small Craft Festival on April 1, wrote: "This is very sad news that Robb White has passed away. We're still in shock. The loss to us all is just amazing to me. The effort you have made to publish Robb's writings is even more valuable and should be more appreciated. I hope some effort is made to gather that writing and get it into print as a book so that the knowledge will be available as a reference and as a reminder of what a wonderful, knowledgeable guy Robb really, really was. What a loss."

Matt Meacham of Gig Harbor, Washington, wrote: "Robb White has passed on. I did not know him personally, of course, but nonetheless I think his absence will leave a large void in the boating community. I know I will miss reading about his part of the world and what he had learned of it. But his life and his work, both written and formed of wood, have also made our world a more colorful and rich place. Our small boat world has been diminished by his death while enriched by his life and his willingness to share that life. I find myself wishing that someone could collect a good set of his writings and the responses they provoked and publish them, companion volumes of his writings and a festschrift would be appropriate, I think."

Henry Champagny of Greenback, Tennessee, wrote: "My first contact with Robb White was back in 1999 when I wrote to him to inquire about helping me by using "modern" technology to build an old unbuilt 12' plywood rowboat kit. Since that time we have written back and forth dozens of times. I have saved all his correspondence. He was very helpful in my building of his cedar strip Sportboat.

Besides the common interest in boatbuilding, we also shared an interest in antique outboards. Even though I only met him once, I considered Robb a friend. His death will be a great loss to his family, the small boating community, naturalists, and me."

Brad Ansley of Tallassee, Tennessee, wrote: "Robb White was rather famous for sending snail mail letters to dozens of strangers, friends, readers of *MAIB*, and others over the years, and I'm fortunate to have two of them. I think there must be people out there with some pretty interesting letters, and since I haven't had nearly my fill of Robb White, boatbuilder and raconteur, I'm suggesting that the Editor consider compiling a collection of Robb's unpublished writings including letters that his many correspondents might be willing to submit. I think we might just learn just how restrained and thoughtful Robb was of the sensibilities of his readers."

The obituary in the local Thomasville, Georgia, newspaper included the following: "In accordance with Robb's wishes, after cremation his family will lay him to rest without ceremony." Robb didn't stand on ceremony in life, and in death he didn't wish to be memorialized. His family cited this when suggestions for establishing some sort of memorial to Robb were received. The concept of a "Robb White Memorial" just wasn't him.

Understandably so, but the suggestions I have quoted above regarding collecting and preserving Robb's published writings and selected correspondence might have been more favorably viewed by Robb. He did contribute prolifically to our pages and undertook to have some of his writings published by Hyperion in his *How to Build a Tin Canoe*. Robb obviously relished sharing his knowledge and speaking his mind in print. To posthumously collect the best of his work as suggested, and buttress this with selected correspondence which it elicited, might be a form of memorial that would be acceptable to Robb.

This will be up to his family to decide. For my part I would undertake to assemble and edit his writings and those letters any of you might choose to share with us as an expression of my own appreciation for all that Robb has contributed to us all. Arranging for publishing the resulting manuscript in book form would be up to his family.

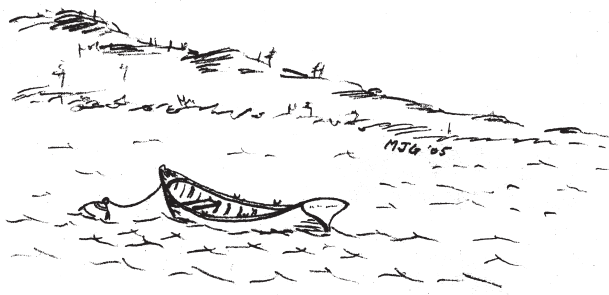
During the rest of 2006 I plan to bring you my choice of the "Top Ten" of Robb's articles we published in his early years with us, 1997 through 2000, starting in the August 1 issue. Already I've been reviewing some of them, having forgotten until I re-read them how entertaining and informative they were.

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On the Cover...

Robb White in the Rescue Minor leaving Turner Matthews' dock in Bradenton, Florida on his way to the April Small Craft meet at nearby Cortez. Adrian Morgan's photo captures the essential Robb in perfect harmony with his craft and environment. His friend Larry Page offers his own personal testament to Robb in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

I've just read Robert Louis Stevenson's *An Inland Voyage*, in which he and a companion paddled and sailed their two canoes from Antwerp nearly to Paris in September of 1876. The first portion of this adventure was via canals with numerous locks, the second via the river Oise, a 17-day journey during which they sheltered at night in local inns. Not knowing their way or having reservations, they sometimes found themselves stumbling around strange villages in the dark and the rain looking for kindly souls to take them in.

Weak and consumptive, Stevenson pushed himself to overcome the drawbacks of his body and spent a good part of his life traipsing this earth. "I travel not to go anywhere," he relates, "but to go." And go he did, the better part of his sickly 44 years, though much of his latter travel was in hope of finding a most salubrious climate. For nearly three years he sailed the South Pacific, visiting the Hawaiian Islands, the Gilberts, Tahiti, Samoa.

At Samoa he settled with his devoted wife, cleared the land and built his house, conferred with the natives to whom he was always advocate and friend, and, as always, wrote. He exhausted himself his entire life but managed to produce during such an exiguous existence the masterpieces that keep him in our hearts: *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Jekyll and Hyde*, *David Balfour*, *The Black Arrow*, and *A Child's Garden of Verses*. As a man he is best remembered as a friend to the World, companionable to all without regard to race or attainment, someone so very much in love with life as enabled him to rise above the burden of his body.

During his trip through Belgium into France it rained nearly every day. Wet through much of the time, he never complained, but laughed at life and sought for the good, the amusing, at every turn. He was always happier out of doors, the years aboard his chartered yacht visiting South Sea Islands were perhaps his happiest. Everywhere he went he made new friends. "God knows I don't care who I chum with, perhaps I like sailors best," he wrote. In Belgium, on the Willebroek Canal, he became enamored of canal boats and barges.

"Of all the creatures of commercial enterprise, a canal barge is by far the most pleasing to consider. It may spread its sails and then you see it sailing high above the treetops and the windmill, sailing on the aqueduct, sailing through the green corn-lands, the most picturesque of all things amphibious. Or the horse plods along at a foot pace as if there were no such thing as business in the world, and the man dreaming at the tiller sees the same spire on the horizon all day long... There should be many contented spirits on board for such a life is both to travel and to stay at home... I am sure I would rather be a bargee than occupy any position under Heaven that required attendance at an office. There are few callings, I should say, where a man gives up less of his liberty in return for regular meals... and so far as I can make out, time stands as nearly still with him as is compatible with the return of bedtime or the dinner hour. It is not easy to see why a bargee should ever die."

Eventually Stevenson bought a barge and christened her *The Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne*. He spent much money having her refurbished, then sold her without ever taking her on the water. With this I can sympathize. Someday I'll tell you about the venerable wooden sloop who moved into my barn and took up lodgings there...

(*An Inland Voyage & Travels with a Donkey*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, edited by James Cloyd Bowman. Allyn & Bacon, 1918)

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On life's voyage it is often the coincidental meeting of some remarkable person standing out like beacon that causes us to see our own course more clearly. Robb White was one of those lights. In an age when most grudgingly plod along seeking money, status, and security, here was a man who wholeheartedly got his meaning from love and the joy of work well done. To some Robb was a writer commenting on almost everything, salted with a dry wit. To others he was a boatbuilder of beautiful small craft. To those who met him in the flesh he was a modest, almost shy, informant willing to share everything he knew. It was my great privilege to know him as a friend.

As a Yankee sailor I became destined to meet this Southern country boatbuilder when I read his father's book, *Two on the Isle*, in my teens. Eventually I sailed to the British Virgins to see the house his parents built on Marina Cay, but they had long gone and the house had become part of a small resort. When Robb began writing in *MAIB* he revealed his parentage and their later experiences on the Georgia family estate. What had begun as a curiosity for me became an attraction to see the reality. It was not long before my friend Turner invited me to travel to the Apalachicola, Florida, boat show to meet this raconteur of things southern.

It was no difficulty for a *MAIB* reader to find Robb when the boats were lined up for display on their trailers because Rescue Minor was on the transom of a small tunnel drive craft with a lot of tumblehome. Nearby was a boyish yeoman with folded arms under a broad brimmed hat quietly chatting with a slim, beautiful, serene lady. So it was that the amazing couple, Robb and Jane, came into my life.

I began scrutinizing Rescue Minor's details; the pneumatic reversing mechanism, the tractor diesel conversion, the keel cooler, the push button removable propeller, and the hull of strip planked poplar. Robb answered whatever questions I had and without a touch of arrogance. He simply stated his reasons for every choice. He offered suggestions as well, like the bare poplar floor boards that are naturally non-skid and the technique of heating wood so the epoxy flows into a seam by capillary action. In time I would apply much of what he advised in successfully adapting a tractor diesel, keel cooled, to another Atkins launch. That was what happened when you met Robb. You became inspired as well as informed.

When that first meet adjourned into some emotional confrontations between partners guiding car to trailer, unlike many Robb and Jane, in smooth harmony, silently connected up and happily motored off. This simple act was a metaphor for how they coped with problems afloat and ashore. As I would witness in the years following, their mutual respect and ability to compliment each other was even more impressive than the boats that emerged from their self-built combination home-boat shop. In challenging situations Jane and Robb could exchange suggestions with complete trust in each other. A beautiful and rare harmony to behold.

There is something about a boat shop where the occasional child's toy can be found laying next to a tool. A compact work space with a fireplace in one corner, a wood stove in another corner, and a door that opens to the living area. One can imagine a child playing on the floor among the wood shavings as grandfather or father sharpens his edges, the

Robb White... A Personal Testament

By Larry Page



Robb in the Rescue Minor leaving Turner Matthews' dock in Bradenton, Florida, with Adrian Morgan, the photographer on their way to the April Small Craft meet at Cortez, Florida. The photo captures the essential Robb in perfect harmony with his craft and mankind.

smell of food drifting in from the other room. It is the only boat shop I have ever visited that has a child's sandbox outside the door. And what boats came out that door. A visit to Robb's web page, <http://www.robbwhite.com/>, offers a selection of photos for those who have never had the pleasure of seeing the real thing.

His ad in *MAIB* says "Robb White & Sons, Inc." He was proud of those sons, Sam and Wes. Together they built things, repaired and tinkered, sailed and played. Some of the boy's childhood toys are still carefully preserved in the house. The economics of small wooden boat building in rural Georgia being what it is, they grew up developing a variety of other survival skills. At the last Cedar Key meet Robb showed the world the sport boat that Sam built. In recent articles we learned Wes has been experimenting with a proa large enough for his five children. The six grandchildren were always a joy to Robb and he often mentioned each of them learned skills in the boat shop.

Many readers will be familiar with Robb's and Jane's coast house out on Dog Island from the published stories about their adventures off the Florida Panhandle coast. The island was often the setting for his stories of human nature interactions.

While traveling with Robb was always an exploration illuminated by his encyclopedic understanding of flora and fauna, it also was a walk into intuition as well as history. He not only always knew what it was before our eyes, but also how it got there and why. As readers of his eclectic stories know, Robb's interests could lead us into the most surprising corners of our world. Robb had a presence that radiated a joy for life in all its forms.

Robb grew up at home in his family-owned pine forest. Although there is a sawmill and a tractor to haul the logs, he treated the place as a sacred grove. Robb would only mill the fallen trees and adamantly refused to cut the virgin timber despite lucrative offers. He was faithful to his love of nature. No exploitation for him. On the other hand, he was generous to share what lumber he did cut with friends. He felt as at home in a forest as he was comfortable in a library or appreciating the smallest child.

Not only was Robb informed about nature and all things marine, he was knowledgeable about machinery, internal combustion engines, and the details of obscure technologies. For example, while some of us have read about Rumford's ideal fireplace, Robb built and used one. He could get any outboard to run. He was a good machinist who made many parts for his boats as well as tools from scrap metal. He and Jane built their house-shop with their own hands as well as their Dog Island place. On the other hand, he could sit down to a keyboard weaving thousands of words into stories blending the everyday with the universal. Robb's published articles from science to humor were as diverse as their author. However, his book of autobiographical stories, *How to Build a Tin Canoe*, also reveals his deep insight into human nature capably conveyed in his own style of country boy parable.

Robb's innovations in boat building and self-evolved techniques were some of his most sophisticated accomplishments, all of which he readily shared. When I urged him to write a book covering all those techniques, he only chuckled saying, "How can I record them when I am constantly finding a better way to do them?"

He could build a small boat hexagonal hollow mast that tapered in OD as well as thickness, weighing one pound, and even cut and assemble several of them in one day. He knew how to wet planks and then heat them to make them twist into place for precision fits. He built a 12' two-person sailboat that weighed 40 pounds including the sail rig and proved its utility by sailing with Jane down the Florida coast. Finally, his interpretation of Rescue Minor has revived interest in the field of shoal draft power boats.

To our dismay his light has gone. No more can we look for advice and counsel from this most amazing man. Those who read his words may well be impressed by his effect on them. For those of us who knew him his written word is but a shadow of his youthful curiosity, his open generosity, and spontaneous sense of humor. For us, Robb now lives only in our hearts.

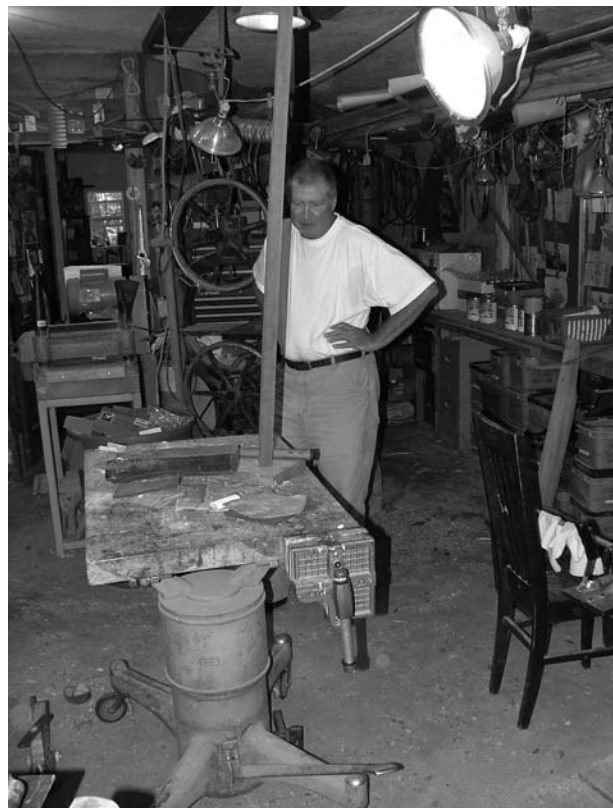
Obituary Published in the *Thomasville Times-Enterprise*

Robb White, local writer and boat builder, died suddenly on Tuesday, May 16, 2006. He was born on June 4, 1941, in Thomasville. A graduate of Thomasville High School, he served in the United States Navy from 1959 to 1963. He attended Florida State University and graduated from Valdosta State University with a degree in biology. He taught science in Jefferson County, Florida, for 10 years. He is survived by his wife Jane; and his sons and daughters-in-law, Sam and Pam White and Wes and Erin White. He was the grandfather of Rosalie, Will, Neil, Rebecca Jane, Claudia, and Allison White and the brother of June White and Barbara White. In accordance with Robb's wishes, after cremation his family will lay him to rest without ceremony. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Birdsong Nature Center.

These photos of Robb were all taken late March at his place or April 1 & 2 at the Cortez, Florida Small Craft Festival. The photos were taken by Adrian Morgan, a professional journalist/photographer for *Classic Boats* in Great Britain, who had come to America to interview Robb and report on the Cortez Festival. Adrian has generously contributed the photos in memory of Robb.



Robb arriving at Cortez in April, the Cortez waterfront in background.



Another view of Robb in his shop with a satisfied look demonstrating his clamping method.



Robb pointing out the details to me in the construction of an old boat in his large storage shed at this boat yard in Thomasville. He has my full attention.



Robb with his featherweight double ender with his modified gunter rig in his boat yard in Thomasville.



Left: Robb's very efficient gunter rig, that he developed with Stuart Hopkins of Dabbler Sails, set on his 11b mast. Right: Robb behind the sport boat which he brought to Cedar Key. This is a typical pose wherein he is joyously telling us how he solved a building problem which of course led to many other related insights.



You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

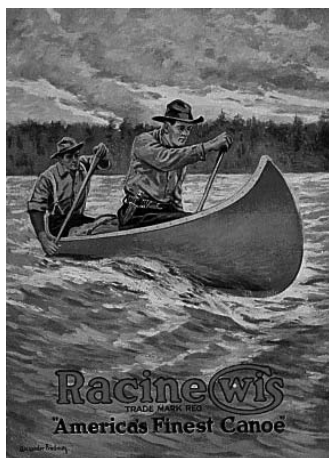
WCHA Assembly

The 2006 Annual WCHA Assembly will be held in the Finger Lakes region of New York at Keuka College, Keuka Park, from July 12 (beginning with the evening program) to July 15. Featured this year will be Racine boatyards and canoes. Racine canoes were built for nearly 50 years by five separate boatyards, each of which was called "The Racine Boat Company." On Thursday evening Steve Wheeler, a native of Racine, Wisconsin, and current resident of Loveland, Colorado, will share his knowledge of these boatyards, that turned out a huge variety of vessels, ranging from simple rowboats to U.S. government lightships to some of the most famous yachts of the day.

The annual Assembly provides opportunities for WCHA members and other canoe enthusiasts to meet and exchange ideas, participate in and attend seminars and lectures, paddle, buy and sell canoes and related equipment, and generally have a great time celebrating wooden canoes. The Assembly is a place to learn about your canoe, how to repair, restore, and maintain it, where and how to paddle it, and generally how to get the most out of the wooden canoe experience. The Assembly program focuses on activities related to the construction and repair of wooden canoes, canoeing, and camping skills and crafts.

Other evening programs will feature Sue Audette, author of *The Old Town Canoe Company: Our First Hundred Years*, who will share humorous and sometimes poignant messages received by the company, and Kate Williams, Executive Director of the Northern Forest Canoe Trail who will present an overview of this 740-mile long historic waterway.

The Assembly also includes a wide range of activities for children who attend the event with a registered adult. Program and registration information is available at <http://wcha.org/>. The Wooden Canoe Heritage Association is devoted to preserving, studying, building, restoring, and using wooden and birch bark canoes and to disseminating information about canoeing heritage in North America.



Great Time at Cedar Key

We had a great time in Cedar Key. It justified the 1900-mile round trip from Indiana. Several others came a greater distance. There was record attendance this year. The Saturday evening cookout exceeded 90 people, the beach in front of the Island Place was crowded with boats. Weather and wind were near perfect, tides didn't vary more than 2'. Wind was great enough to discourage a camera in our boat. Pictures are available on the West Coast Trailer Sailors web site at <http://members.ij.net/wctss/wctss/index.htm> PhotoGalleryCedar Key.

We sailed a Melon Seed, built by Dave Lucas, that Roger Allen, director of the Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Museum, designed. Dave had built it much more heavily and with wider decks than ours. It sailed as well as ours but had a more substantial feel. Kathie got a ride around a couple of the keys with Roger, his wife, and other members of the Museum on the sharpie *Sallie Adams*.

I find it amazing that at this one event I met so many of the people that we have read about in this publication. To name just a few: Hugh Horton, Ron Hoddinot, Jan and Meade Gougeon, Roger Allen, Matt Layden, Turner Mathews, Bob Pitt, Doug Cameron, Jim Leet, Jim Brown, Robb White, and others.

Rex and Kathie Payne, Nashville, IN
Editor Comments: Rex and Kathie are small boatbuilders in their inland midwest community specializing at present in Melon Seeds. See their ad on the "Builders & Restorers" page.

Adventures & Experiences...

Lots of Memories

Reading Robb White's articles for years in *MAIB* brings up lots of memories of my own life, always in boats. In 1919, when I was three, my father bought a small island in Great Bay in southeastern New Hampshire. So what do you do when you own an island? Build boats!

My brother Bud was eight years older than I so he got a good start on me and always kept that lead, but I wasn't far behind and built my first sailboat when I was ten. After high school I spent a while working in Bud's shop, then during WWII I spent the years building wooden boats in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Portsmouth Navy Yard, Boston Navy Yard, and then in Panama.

Clark Mills and I became close friends (he was from Clearwater, Florida, and was a great designer and builder). I was visiting him when he built the first Optimist pram, \$65 complete with sail! After it became the largest class in the sailing world he said to me, "Jesus Christ, I built all those beautiful yachts and then I get famous for designing a horse trough!"

I was much interested in Robb's review of the Atkin & Co. catalog. Bud built several of Billy's cutters just before WWII, heavy double enders. When I came home from Panama in 1945 I started getting out timber to build a 40' ketch, with plans to sail around

the world. But just before Christmas, *Starcrest*, an Atkin 1937 *MotorBoating* design, built by Walter Pinaud in Baddeck, Nova Scotia, made a navigational mistake and was wrecked just south of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I made a salvage deal with the owner and managed to refloat her and took her up to Bud's shop and hauled her out and did some re-planking and other repairs, planning to sail her a bit and then sell her.

That was 61 years ago and I'm still sailing her. She is Billy's Tally Ho Major, 34½'x9'10"x5', 22,000lbs, gaff headed cutter. I have sailed her to Florida, Panama, the Galapagos, and several times to the Bahamas. A great boat!

I also enjoyed Robb's article on the Rescue Minor in a recent *WoodenBoat*. A local woman who had Alex Hadden build her a 34' Atkin tunnel hull Seabright skiff keeps her boat near here (its picture is in Alex's ad in *MAIB*). He did a beautiful job of building, and it's a great boat for our shallow Great Bay.

I'm on my third 3hp Evinrude, great motor. The only serious trouble I ever had was a stripped spline into the crankshaft and I got another year out of it by jamming some shim stock into the spline.

Mac McIntosh, Dover, NH

Duffel Bag Canoe

Hilary Russell suggested I contact you to see if you might be interested in an article by me on a project currently in construction in my back yard, a take apart canoe that goes into a duffel bag. The frame weighs 22lbs, is 14' long, patterned on a Prospector, and will have a skin on it of vinyl-impregnated canvas. I expect to have it completed this year, perhaps even this summer, and am taking lots of pictures along the way so as to have good source material for an article or perhaps even for a booklet to go with a kit if it ever goes into production.

David Finch, Calgary, AB, Canada

Information of Interest...

Diurnal Tides & Stainless Steels in Cuban Waters

Re Peter Jepson's letter in the May 15 issue querying the readership on why tides behave so unfathomably, if he would sit on his imagined afterdeck anchored inside a coral reef in Cuban waters, svelte no doubt in sunglasses and with a tall iced rum to hand, studying the "Corrosion of 300 Series Stainless Steels in Cuban Coastal Waters," as he says he sees himself doing, I think the mystery will become clear as Virgin Gorda Bay's 15' depth. If not, he can apply to the boss for more study time, not so bad a fantasy either.

He might bring along a book I once wrote in a fit of middle-aged crisis, *A Sailor's Notebook* (see review in the June 15 issue) and turn to chapter 19 entitled "Tides." Sitting on the fantail, watching the waters come and go without encouragement from Fidel, musing on natural philosophy and things Newtonian or Einsteinian, he might cull from these ten plain pages a rummy feeling of accomplishment. If not, he could ask the boss for more time.

In brief (not really possible, I don't understand this stuff too well myself), oceanographers' scientific knowledge of the tides has relatively recently become semi-

complete and almost intelligible, to them, if not to others. I'll try.

Nope, thought better of it. Read the chapter, Peter. *A Sailor's Notebook* is available at many Borders, Booksmiths, etc., your library can get it, or I'll send you a copy (a check for \$14.95 including s&h to the laughingly-named Rich Publishing Co., P.O. Box 354, Cotuit MA 02635 will get prompt action). If this doesn't answer your questions (here's a hint, the tides are high on opposite sides of the earth, and low as well, simultaneously) I'll pour you another tall rum which you can slowly sip from high in the glass to low diurnally, while contemplating our money-back guarantee.

Richard (Deke) Ulian, Cotuit, MA

The Last Sailors

For those who have not seen the video, *The Last Sailors*, you are really missing something very special. It will change the way you think about the various aspects of traditional boats and boatbuilding. It is excellent.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

A Small Blog

I have started publishing a small blog (weblog) on the Internet. Called the Compass Rose Review, it is partly about my section of the coast of Maine (the lower end of the western shore of Penobscot Bay) and mostly about boats and the waterfront, and reviews of books, movies, periodicals, and relevant web sites. Recent postings cover buoys and lobster traps, lighthouses, boat names, the sounding lead, rowing, and, yes, a review of *Messing About in Boats*. You can see it at www.compassrosereview.blogspot.com.

Peter H. Spectre, Spruce Head, ME

Editor Comments: Peter presently edits *Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors* magazine, formerly was a feature writer for *WoodenBoat* for many years including his "On the Waterfront" column, publishes an annual *Mariners Book of Days*, and has been a long time booster of *MAIB*. I even went and looked at his blog on my daughter's internet hookup, nice Downeast ambiance as can only be captured by a true native.

A Correction

In Robb White's review of our new *Atkin & Company* catalog in the May 1 issue he quoted a price of \$10. As this is a newly expanded catalog the price is now \$15 as noted in my ad on the "Plans & Kits" pages.

Pat Atkin, Noroton, CT

Information Needed...

A Floop?

I was checking the ads in a recent issue of a local newspaper, *Foothills Trader*, that covers northwest Connecticut to see if I could find anything interesting, and that I did. As you can read below, here is a totally new type of sailing vessel, a "floop." I know sloops, cutters, ketches, yawls, and schooners, but a floop is something I haven't encountered before.

"1978 O-Day Sailboat Floop, 27', wheel steering, rebuilt 8hp inboard diesel, roller furling headsail. Sleeps 5. Knotmeter, depth finder, stove, icebox. Clean inside and out. Call for more details. \$8,900 for quick sale."

Perhaps some reader who is worldly, knowledgeable, and a technical expert can explain to the rest of us what a floop is, describing its technical features and advantage (or disadvantages) over the more conventional sailing rigs that we know.

I don't know if the listed price makes it a steal, or something to shy away from.

Conbert H. Benneck, Glastonbury, CT

Opinions...

Don't Lock 'em Up

Bob Whittier's opinion that you remarked about in the April 1 "Commentary" about locking up canoes and small boats left alongshore reminded me of an incident I witnessed a few years ago. I was working on house at the lake in the late fall, going back and forth onto the lawn to use the table saw, and noticed a small outboard out on the lake going in circles. I paid no more attention and went on working until I saw the fire department show up with a rescue boat.

It seems the boat's operator had fallen out and the boat had kept on going. Further along the shore someone had seen the accident and, despite an abundance of dinghies along the shore, he couldn't launch any to go to the assistance of the unfortunate man in the water as everyone had locked up their oars for the season. Many minutes were spent going home to get a pair of oars, ultimately it might not have mattered as the water was cold.

I vote for leaving the canoe unlocked with an old paddle tucked inside and maybe an inner tube as well.

Bruce Weik, Lakeside, CT

Robb's Environmental Consciousness

Brian Salzano's letter in the May 15 issue regarding Robb White's use of a two-stroke motor on his own pond reminds me of the story about the fly perched on the handle of a shovel in a manure pile. It's wise to avoid getting overly excited until you have all the facts. I, too, was surprised to read Robb's brief defense of his old Evinrude Lightwin outboard in the closing paragraph of that article. But I wrote it off as a bit of bs and bravado and surely some residual enthusiasm from his discussion of the motor's many unquestionable merits.

Looking for a simplistic measure of someone's environmental sensitivity and actions, the use of a two-stroke motor is a fine example. But as a measure of the overall picture, it's simply wrong (believe me, it's difficult to stay away from the fly story. Good thing I'm a genteel Southerner).

I've had the pleasure of spending a lot of time at the Mitchell Pond and I've been out fishing and messing about with Robb in several of his boats. I know that the total volume of fuel he used in the last several years since the pond filled again is in the neighborhood of a pint or two per year. And most of that was used when he and Jane were scattering hundreds of pounds of corn to lure the ducks to a safe haven for the hunting season. Not much "toxic goop" involved, is there?

Robb was definitely not self-serving nor naive about his effects on the environment. I've never known anyone more in touch in that regard. I've heard him agonize over the effect of prescribed long leaf pine burns on the grasshoppers. He pulled his boats with a

little Kia and tinkered with efficiency optimization to the point of observing that he did about 2mpg better if the boat was on the trailer backwards

Don Abrams, Ocean Springs, MS

This Magazine...

A Heady Brew

I continue to learn more and enjoy *MAIB* to a greater degree with each issue! Like so many of your subscribers I admire the wonderful mix of articles you present to us as a heady brew. Suddenly I find a growing interest in a facet of small boating that I had thought dull, or a jewel of a view of some nature scene hits a chord long buried inside, a trip described causes remembrances of similarities in past experiences.

As you approach your 25th year of publication I want to congratulate you on your fine editing. How you manage that job is the measure of the longevity of *MAIB*.

Bill Hamilton, Edgewater, MD

Absolutely Refreshing

I read Robb White, or some other guy, who makes me fall off my chair with his description of the varnished boards scattered around his kitchen and what that does to his married life, or about some incredible mishap told by some very real non-professional boatbuilder/cruiser/writer for its entertainment and informative value. In *MAIB* we have a very, very interesting series of articles by very, very interesting people about very, very interesting topics. It is absolutely as refreshing as can be to open up *MAIB* and enjoy it, warts and all. Seems real. I think it is a whole lot like a whole lot of the boats we all build. Far from perfect, but tremendously fun to have been a part of and to enjoy.

Paul Murray, Storrs, CT (proud owner of a lot of boats that may not be perfectly fair but still are pretty good looking from ten or fifteen feet).

Struck Many Chords

Your "Commentary" in the May 15 issue that described your working environment struck many chords with me, from the spatial qualities found in residential offices to the use of Macintoshes. As a terrestrial architect, I have noted how so often the formal dining room ends up being used as office/study space in homes that have a more informal place to eat, perhaps closer to, or in, the kitchen. When that is not an option, an unused bedroom gets called into service as office. The relative detachment of these rooms from the rest of the house makes them useful as such, I think.

Mack Meacham, Gig Harbor, WA

We Need Our Own

For years we've shared *MAIB* three, four times over. Now that wonderful wise and true Robb White reminds us, we need our own.

Lived in the '60s in Seattle, sailed on a dear gaff rigged sloop *CherAmi*, we miss her. Where could she be?

Keep up the honest, real, funny, newsy *MAIB*.

P. Whitefield, South Stratford, VT

(Please Note: Along with several other areas of contention, there are at least three different variations of the term guideboat (i.e., guide's boat, guide-boat and guideboat). To be consistent with the authors' usage under review, I'm using guideboat.)

It's said that timing is everything. For me this was the right book at the right time. I was introduced to rowing while in my mid-30s, about the same time that I became (by default) my small community's only resident wooden boat repair guy. In carrying out the latter role, I soon found myself confronted with problems I didn't know the solutions to. This prompted the beginning of a long distance (I lived in Michigan's Upper Peninsula at the time) relationship with Mystic Seaport's John Gardner.

Mr. Gardner strongly encouraged me to attend Mystic's 1979 Small Craft Workshop (I think all the letters and phone calls were starting to wear on him). I did so and the event continues to hold its place as one of my best life events. While there I had the privilege of rowing a recently completed, authentically constructed version of an Adirondack guideboat. It was a stellar experience. I promised myself that I would some day build one for my own use.

Before returning home I purchased a set of plans for a 13'1" Blanchard Guideboat from Mystic's Ship Plans Department. My expectation was that, eventually, my personal guideboat would be built to the Blanchard lines. "Eventually" turned out to be 25 years. While my significant other was fully supportive of a personal boat (why should customers have all the fun), she drew the line on a solo boat. So, no Blanchard.

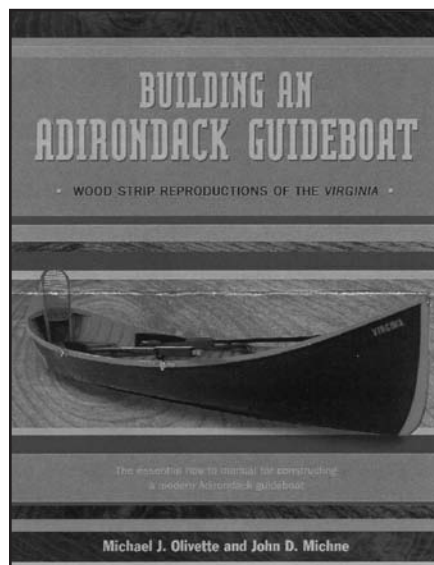
What to do? Get to the library. Get on the Net. Get on the phone. Get in the car. Via telephone and/or email I ended up discussing guideboat design and construction with Steve Kaulback, Dave Rosen, and Randy Stewart of Adirondack Guide-Boats; Michael Vermouth at The Newfound Woodworks, Inc.; Dave Nichols at Lutra Boats; Dave Jackson at the Wooden Boat Workshop of Norwalk, Connecticut; Nick Schade of Guillemot Kayaks; Eric Schade at Shearwater Boats; Hallie Bond at The Adirondack Museum; and Mike O'Brien at WoodenBoat Publications. And last but not least, the authors. I also read (or re-read) a number of pertinent boatbuilding manuals and articles.

These efforts yielded a gratifying (and intimidating) amount of information relative to choices of designs and construction techniques. I'd reached a point of true cognitive overload when the doorbell rang and the postman delivered a Priority Mail envelope from Bob Hicks. Contained therein was a copy of John Michne's and Michael Olivette's *Building An Adirondack Guideboat: Wood Strip Reproductions of the Virginia*. A quick thumb through indicated that help was at hand. This book has been of great assistance in deciding on a specific design, selecting a construction technique, and setting a workable timetable.

Bob didn't send me the book totally out of the kindness of his heart (although he is, in truth, a kind person). He sent it to me because I'd volunteered to review it. As I'd already embarked on a "learn everything I could about guideboats" voyage, I decided to use the results of this effort as a context within which to review the book; i.e., how well would the text hold up in the light of prior practices and



Book Review



Building An Adirondack Guideboat

*Wood Strip Reproductions
of the Virginia*

By Michael J. Olivette
and John D. Michne

Nicholas K. Burns Publishing,
Utica, NY – 2005

Reviewed by Rodger C. Swanson

current approaches from a technical standpoint and, how reader-friendly was it?

My litmus test for any book proposing to be a construction manual: If this was the only book available, could I build a boat that performed well, felt responsive, and looked good? Yes or no? In this case, a definite "yes." Also, does it fulfill its own mission statement? The authors propose that a moderately experienced woodworker (NOT a beginner) can accomplish building a creditable replica of the *Virginia* using this book alone (on p. 8 the authors state that the reader can be spared "the necessity of learning the strip building method from specific canoe or kayak literature"). Again, "yes," but with a couple of caveats to be addressed as we proceed through the book.

At the outset it must be stressed that this is a book that's to be read cover-to-cover. There's no need to "skip ahead to the good part." All the parts are "good" and are in the

order laid out for sound reasons. Also, this is NOT a generalized building text. The focus is specifically on building a dimensionally and structurally accurate wood strip reproduction of the *Virginia*, as built by Dwight Grant in 1905.

At the time the book arrived I'd narrowed my choices to Newfound Woodworks' 16' Guideboat strip built kit (on the market for a while with several units built), Eric Schade's new but as yet untried stitch-and-glue 17-footer, and Adirondack Guide-Boats' kit. The latter is a fine and proven product, having been on the market and in the water for about 25 years now.

One of my biases is that wood strip construction has sufficiently advanced to qualify as a valid professional-level technique in its own right. It's still frequently presented as the best way for an amateur to build his first boat. Depending on the design, that has validity. At the same time, a growing list of true professionals have brought the technique far beyond what many of us struggled with in the '60s and '70s. The authors put forth an approach consistent with this progress.

So-called stitch-and-glue construction is an approach that's also achieving professional-level maturity. While perhaps not yet at the level of refinement of wood strip techniques, it's getting there. Again, it's been touted as a way for an amateur to build a hull type of some complexity without first having achieved the status of master craftsman. It can offer significant time and money savings in that substantial building jigs are not required. While having a lot of experience with wood strip construction, I'd had none with stitch-and-glue and wanted to try it out.

So there was quite an array of decisions facing me. I decided to organize my assessment of the text under four rubrics: A. Authenticity; B. Structural Integrity; C. Fit and Finish; and D. Controversies.

Authenticity: The seminal work on the Adirondack guideboat is Kenneth and Helen Durant's *The Adirondack Guideboat*, originally published in 1980 and widely available. It's contents are meticulously researched and well presented. To say that it contains a wealth of information is an understatement. The authors utilized it extensively in doing their background investigation of the guideboat's origins, form and function, performance, and construction techniques. They recommend that any would-be guideboat builder read it (and also Durant's *Guide-Boat Days and Ways*, now out of print but available through libraries). I wholeheartedly agree. Reading these books will only enhance ones appreciation of what Michne and Olivette have to offer.

In the Foreword and Chapters 1 and 2, they lay out the origins and evolution of the Adirondack guideboat clearly and succinctly. John Gardner, to whom the authors refer frequently, was of the opinion that a person wanting to build a traditional small boat was well advised to look at its origins. This information can clarify why the boat is shaped and equipped in its particular fashion and help in deciding whether it's truly suitable to a modern application.

One of Kenneth Grant's conclusions when he first undertook his study of the guideboat in the 1950s was that it had ended "its active career" and was on the cusp of being relegated to the status of museum curiosity. His research resulted in the publication of articles by himself and others inter-

ested in the type and sparked a resurgence of interest. His joining forces with John Gardner, who took the lines and other dimensions of the *Virginia*, was a key factor in a variety of persons deciding to build their own replicas of the type. As many know, Mr. Gardner was a leader in applying modern construction materials and techniques to traditional designs. The two of them cooperated with, and encouraged, talented amateur builders and a number of strip-built versions were built, starting in the mid-'60s. Mr. Durant, who had rowed guideboats throughout his life (his first experience with them was at age 10), pronounced these products as true to the traditional form in appearance and behavior.

Michne and Olivette do an excellent job of melding information relative to the historical background of the guideboat into a coherent evolutionary account (hull forms, construction methods, and refinements) bringing us up to the present. In my opinion, their approach is consistent with the "application of modern techniques" that Durant and Gardner approved of.

This being said, it's my opinion that following the advice of the authors would lead to the creation of an "authentic" guideboat reproduction ("authentic" in terms of lines, dimensions, and fitting out but not, of course, in terms of how it would be planked).

Structural Integrity: Their Chapter 2 (Evolution Continued) includes a sequential process description that overviews how they went about building their version of the *Virginia*. This gives the reader a frame of reference so that there's a mental "sense of order" as one gets into the highly detailed technical fabrication and construction information.

Their treatment of the array of power tool options is comprehensive and, if they've skipped one that might be of use, I didn't catch them at it! This is a chapter where a reader with no prior woodworking experience in general (or boatbuilding experience in particular) could bog down. My suggestion is to hang in there. While very detailed, the section is well written and poses some novel uses of equipment and tools well worth considering. Their recommendations on sanding aids is the most comprehensive I've encountered.

Equally thorough is the coverage of screw and glue choices (both screws and glues will get some more mention when I get to Controversies).

The authors recommend bead-and-cove edged strips, with which I wholeheartedly agree. They lay out the advantages of this edge treatment better than I can and I suggest you read what they have to say. The section on how to go about all aspects of strip processing is thorough. It needs to be pointed out that one will have to decide whether to get out strips himself or purchase them premilled. The authors themselves are divided on this, Mr. Michne is convinced one saves money by processing his own strips, whereas Mr. Olivette thinks there is no real dollar savings and one's time could be better spent by using commercially milled strips and forging ahead to tasks more productive and enjoyable. In practical terms, your decision as to whether or not to do your own strip processing will dictate whether you will need certain types of power equipment and attendant blades, bits, fences, and jigs.

The Devil, it is said, is in the details. This is no more true than in the case of choosing the right plan to begin with and then accurately translating it into three

dimensions. The authors used the lines and offsets John Gardner took from the original *Virginia*. Mr. Gardner took meticulous care in fairing the lines and verifying the accuracy of the offsets. The format suggested for translating offsets into pattern form (while admittedly tedious) works well. If you are going to use any other set of guideboat lines and offsets, you will have to be sure you are using offsets accurately derived from properly faired lines.

Things really start to get interesting when the description moves to the actual fabrication of the various structural members, beginning with the bottom board, ribs, and stems. A unique feature of guideboat construction is that the "skeleton" (bottom board, ribs, and inner stems) is assembled prior to being rigidly attached to a strong-back and is actually a key component of the building jig. Regarding the "authenticity" factor, Michne and Olivette follow the same process that Dwight Grant did up to this point. Interesting also is that the boat can be built either right side up or upside down, either way has its advantages.

If the reader has prior experience with strip building, familiar territory is reached at this point. If not, Michne and Olivette are excellent guides (in the best and true sense of the term, no pun intended).

Fit And Finish: As I feel the book under review is excellent, my job is to encourage you to read it for yourself, not to try to condense within the scope of this article. In his review of *Building An Adirondack Guideboat* (WB No. 190), Mike O'Brien makes note of the authors' strong backgrounds in woodworking. This background (and, I would add, true talent on both their parts) really shines in these sections.

Randy Stewart, man of all tasks at Adirondack Guide-Boats, regards a ribbed wood strip guideboat as a "builder's boat." By this I take him to mean that the intricacy and challenge involved can bring out the best of one's talents and cause one to become totally immersed in the process.

Regarding fiberglassing, I can attest that the authors have done their homework. All of their admonitions (rolled cloth vs. folded, etc.) are based on sound cumulative experience. Our first stripper was done in the dark ages of the '70s when a lot of the challenges presented by the technique had yet to be overcome. As someone who did all of the things they say not to do, I assure you they know whereof they speak.

The same is to be said of the remaining sections. Of particular interest to me are the ones dealing with seat construction, brass accessories and hardware, standard and optional accessories (oars, paddle, yokes, etc.), and guideboat care and maintenance.

Caning seats may seem an affectation. However, as is the case with other features of guideboats, the benefit is far more than cosmetic. Besides being admittedly attractive, properly caned seats are light and comfortable. There aren't many references available on how best to do this and the coverage here is excellent.

The authors point out that much of the brass hardware and accessories associated with original guideboats aren't commercially available. Again, these brass features are most attractive but are all highly functional. If you want to "do the boat up right," I'd recommend taking the extra time and effort to replicate the items appropriate to the design

you've chosen (there are a couple of caveats addressed later).

Essential "standard accessories" are oars constructed in the fashion used by the original builders. Many otherwise excellent texts on building quality rowing craft either don't mention oar selection and/or construction at all or give the topic distressingly short shrift. To the point, if you want your guideboat to row at its best, make or purchase guideboat-style oars and use guideboat-style oarlocks and sockets. Period. Following Mr. Olivette's detailed instructions will result in superb oars. The same is to be said regarding other accessories, the instructions are excellent.

Most of the builders I talked with are in favor of using floorboards as opposed to footplates. For the reasons outlined in the text, I agree.

The section on guideboat care and maintenance is an unusual bonus. Again, this is an area that's often either not addressed or is given only cursory mention.

My current ratio of boats repaired vs. boats built is 5 to 1. Most (85%, I've kept records) repairs needed have not resulted from damage incurred while in the water. Rather, they've been attributable to improper transport, improper launching and or retrieval, and/or improper maintenance and storage. All these un-needed injuries can be avoided if you follow the authors' suggestions. The only other book I have that addresses this topic adequately is Pete Culler's *Boats, Oars and Rowing*, sadly now out of print but worth whatever it might cost to get your hands on a decent copy.

Controversies: Everyone I talked with in working on this review knew the text in question was due for publication and was looking forward to reading it. Certainly bodes well for potential sales! Those who had pre-publication opinions on certain of the authors' recommendations had either been consulted by the authors or were sufficiently privy to content to have a basis for their thoughts. The authors themselves were very forthcoming and helpful.

One of the traits distinguishing Mr. Olivette and Mr. Michne from most recent boat construction manual writers is that they aren't "in the business" of building boats and don't intend to be. They have no agenda relative to generating sales for proprietary designs, kits, or finished craft. They really are doing their very best to help others build the best guideboat reproduction they can. This gives them very high credibility marks.

The points at which issue might be taken with them are, for the most part, relatively minor. In the interest of being concise, I address them sequentially.

On p. 9 mention is made of their first boat, a ribless cedar strip version of the *Virginia*. They state finishing the interior with fiberglass and epoxy resulted in a boat of "excessive weight." It's also stated that "because of ribless construction the center seat was not removable and there was [thus] no provision for a carrying yoke."

On pp. 144-145 (finishing the interior), the authors give the option of either using an epoxy coating or not. The primary concern expressed by the builders and designers I talked with was the issue of "permeability" (i.e., the possibility of water penetrating the hull structure). This is the one issue, to my mind, that's not minor.

In a sidebar to the first of a series on building a wood strip sailing dinghy of his

own design, (*WoodenBoat* No. 189, "Notes on Strip Planking," p. 41) Paul Gartside addresses permeability issues as they relate to the treatment of strip hull interiors. His focus is structural integrity, which he sees as best achieved by the creation of a "balanced laminate" (i.e., fiberglass cloth and epoxy resin inside as well as out). This produces a robust hull with a low to non-existent permeability factor.

Steve Kaulback and Dave Rosen designed their wood strip guideboat to take advantage of fiberglass and epoxy sheathing for the exterior, with ribs providing sufficient support to the interior to achieve equivalent hull strength for the long term. As said in the beginning, their wood strip guideboats have been in use for over 25 years. They also (no exceptions) apply a minimum four coats of epoxy resin to the hull interiors. Thus far they've had no reports of hull failures due to moisture incursion.

Nick Schade of Guillemot Kayaks is adamant on the issue of coating the interior of wood strip hulls with epoxy (he designed the guideboat offered by The Newfoundland Wood Works) to ensure that no water will permeate the hull. This opinion is shared by Michael Vermouth, Newfoundland's owner.

The permeability issue takes us back to the choice of glues for edge gluing the strips in the first place (see the authors' pp. 24-25, "What Glue to Use?"). They recommend polyvinyl acetate (PVA) glues as a good choice (aka "yellow carpenter's glue") such as Titebond, Titebond II, Elmer's Carpenter's Glue, and the like. PVA glues have a lot of

support (e.g., Ted Moores in *Canoeecraft*, Nick Shade in *The Strip Built Sea Kayak*, to name but two). The caveat is that PVA glue is acceptable for edge gluing strips only if all moisture can be kept from the glue joints! Read the books for yourself if you doubt me.

Dave Jackson of The Wooden Boat Shop of Norwalk, Connecticut, has participated in the building of three guideboats: A totally traditional plank-on-rib, a high quality wood strip kit, and most recently, Eric Schade's new stitch-and-glue design. For the two latter options he's definite on recommending epoxying the interior, ribbed or ribless.

In defense of Mr. Michne and Mr. Olivette, they have approached the building of each of their boats as true craftsmen performing what amounts to labors of love. These are boats for their personal use, not intended for sale. As long as they remain in hands that will care for them well, the above concerns may not apply to these particular boats. Once gone to the care of others, though, problems will result if the interiors aren't maintained to the maximum.

My advice, therefore, is to go with four coats of epoxy on the interior of your boat. If you proceed with the authors throughout the building process, you will end up with a true "lifetime boat" in every other respect. Let someone else use their "lifetime" to find out whether not epoxying the interior was worth the gamble. I regard sanding as the bane of boatbuilding but will do the additional amount that epoxying the interior of my own guideboat will necessitate.

In the *WoodenBoat* review mentioned earlier, Mike O'Brien mentions possible reservations about brass in conjunction with saltwater use (the type originated in a freshwater environment). Most guideboats built now are not going to be kept "on the float" for a whole variety of reasons. The brass screws fastening the strips to the ribs are not at risk if both interior and exterior hull surfaces are epoxy sealed. Adirondack Guide-Boats wood strip guideboats employ brass screws for this purpose. Mr. Olivette mentions the availability of nautical brass, which can be used when fabricating external fittings.

The authors' statement on p. 8 of "sparing the reader the necessity of learning the strip building method from specific canoe or kayak literature" is well intentioned. I feel the erstwhile builder would benefit from having at least one other good text at hand (I've already mentioned two, there are several other good ones as well). This is particularly true if you've not built any kind of boat previously. The authors had each built a wood strip craft prior to combining forces and benefited greatly. I'd recommend doing a simpler boat first.

Lastly, I'd have welcomed a complete list of materials (including for stanchions and the like). The information is there, but most of it is scattered through the text and some of it has to be divined by extrapolation. Estimating cost and planning the building schedule are important aspects of design selection. Have a comprehensive list of all that's needed gives one a real leg up on determining where, when, and how to get what's needed and how much it's all going to cost.

In sum, I think those of us enamored of the type can be grateful to have a number of options available to us. Those desiring the greatest accuracy of detail (as in 28 pairs of ribs, for example) can follow the author's lead start to finish.

Those who prefer a ribbed version (but want to reduce the number) can take a tip from Steve Kaulback and Dave Rosen (their guideboat has about half the number of originals of similar size and suffers not at all for it). Dwight Grant and his contemporaries used the number of pairs of natural crook ribs they did because that was "how many it took to do the job." Laminating ribs (in conjunction with strip planking the hull) allows for greater spacing between the ribs. John Gardner and Kenneth Durant apparently had no quarrel with Laurence Babcock's reducing the number of frame pairs in the replica he built in 1965.

Those who prefer an "open" interior have Nick Shade's (among others) design. By the way, the authors' comment on p. 9 that a ribless design does not allow for incorporation of a yoke because of the center seat being "fixed" isn't strictly true. Nick incorporated two ribs in way of the center seat that allows for the seat to be detachable, thus clearing the way for the fitting of yoke cleats.

Those who would like to try stitch-and-glue have Eric Schade's design to consider. Its lines were inspired in part by a boat built in 1905 by Warren Cole and one built by John Buyce of Speculator, New York. Mr. Buyce built lapstrake as opposed to the "customary" smooth skinned guideboats from 1890 to 1947.

The choice is yours.

So, my thanks go to (and admiration of) Micheal J. Olivette and John D. Michne for authoring a truly outstanding book and having done all of us a great service in the bargain.



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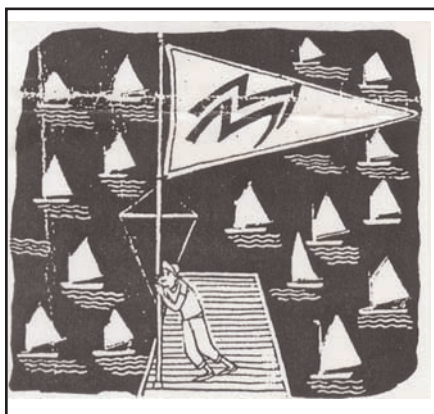
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Birth of a Yacht Club

By Philbrook Paine

(Submitted by Edward "Ned" McIntosh)



Sailing was great fun that first summer. A boatbuilder in a city nearby had glued together a couple of 14' cats. He sold one to me and kept the other. On breezy afternoons I would call his shop and taunt him, "Hey, Ned, you landlubberly sloth. Get your floating coffin down to the dock and I'll beat you around the black can and over to the nun."

Unless he was involved in some major crisis, such as a customer, he would accept the challenge and we would put in three or four hours of informal racing on the bay. These were filled with lively conversation and splendid sailing which resulted in quite a bit of splintered plywood and some slight damage to the government buoy system. We didn't know it at the time, but our two boats represented the perfect yacht club.

The following winter Ned was foolhardy enough to build two more boats identical to those he and I sailed. That was the fatal step. We now had a class. And if you have a class, you have to have a name for it. So we hit on Merry-Mac because Ned's last name was McIntosh and until then he had been merry.

These two boats were promptly sold and he plunged on to the final folly. He built two more and disposed of them. Thus we had a yacht club. All that winter the six families held meetings.

We elected a commodore, a vice-commodore, a treasurer, and a secretary. We named a racing committee, a social committee, a protest committee, and a trophy committee.

Ned and I didn't race as much the next summer as we had previously because we were too busy starting races, timing races, and buying trophies for the end-of-the-season Labor Day clambake. We had also begun paying dues to buy the trophies.

Although the six families raced only on Sundays during July and August, we all agreed to meet once a month at somebody's home during the winter. On each occasion we held a business meeting, and there was an incredible amount of business to be conducted.

For one thing, if you have a yacht club, pretty soon somebody wants to put it into capital letters, Yacht Club. But you can't just say Yacht Club. It has to be a specific Yacht Club. After nine meetings we compromised on Great Bay Yacht Club. The commodore put the initials GBYC on his automobile number plates and we were off.

Now a yacht club cannot operate with-

out a burgee. Nobody was quite sure how we could fly a burgee from a 14' catboat, but everybody was willing to give it a try. To obtain this symbol of nautical stature we elected a burgee committee. It was a hard-working bunch. Eventually we compromised on a cormorant (or a goose, or an owl) flying through the letters GBYC. But he didn't fly very long, no professional burgee manufacturer would touch him. So after five more meetings we settled for a couple of bolts of lightning that remotely resembled M-M which, of course, stood for Merry Mac. By this time Ned and I privately thought that they could just as well have represented Muddled Mess.

But there was no turning back. We had to have bylaws. The club had grown to 12 families and it was imperative that we try to quiet down the meetings. So we gave a lawyer a lifetime membership and he copied the bylaws of some other yacht club. These were submitted to the bylaws committee and then to the whole membership and eight meetings later they were adopted.

The principal issues at stake were how to keep people out and how to get people in. It was the old problem of the Right People. So we formed a membership committee. To head it, we elected a professor of political science. He gave the problem his earnest attention for approximately 20 hours of lively debate before coming up with a complicated blackball technique that worked by mail. It has never been used.

During the fourth summer Ned and I managed to sneak down to the bay a few times by ourselves, but most of our official yacht club activities were centered around the rapidly expanding role of the protest committee. We had warned the others not to fool around with racing rules, but our advice went unheeded.

During this period we were still holding our races at a public float and our dues were being spent on ever larger and more magnificent trophies. But then a horrendous thing happened. We elected a property committee. Its function was to seek out a suitable piece of land on which the club could build its own dock and eventually a clubhouse. At that time dues were bringing in \$120 a year, so it became apparent that if the property committee was going to make much headway we would have to take in more members. To accomplish this we employed a time-tested strategy. We passed the word that the Great Bay Yacht Club was exclusive. People rose to the bait like hungry fish.

During the next winter we extracted an initiation fee of \$25 plus annual dues of \$10 from 12 new families. Some of them had never before sailed a boat.

The additional members presented a problem. We had expanded to the point where we could no longer meet in anybody's home. This gave the social committee something to do and we started meeting in a hired hall. The meetings were a flop, the informality was gone. Besides, half of the members were strangers to the rest of us. This called for a name tag committee.

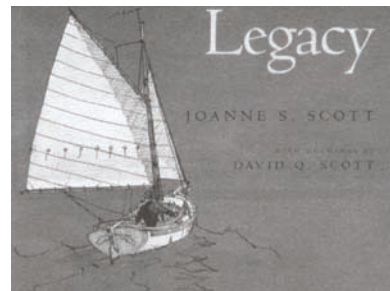
In the meantime the property committee had found a piece of land, consulted earnestly with the lifetime member lawyer, and signed a deed. The site of the future clubhouse left something to be desired for boating activities because it was located 200' from deep water. The answer was a dock committee. This, in turn, spawned a float

committee, a marker committee (it picked up the racing markers), and oddly enough a lawn committee.

But most of the members were now happy. The club had been registered in Lloyd's. It had an official burgee, a nice little mortgage, a rescue launch, approximately 50 families, four pages of specifications for boats participating in Marblehead Race Week, and a committee for that event.

If Ned and I had not already been appalled by our creation, we soon would have been. Some committee decided that the club required an official historian. It selected me. Perhaps it knew what it was doing. I was certainly well-fit for the job. I could record precisely when and how each mistake had been made. The major one, of course, was the building of those two additional boats back in 1953.

Editor Comments: Edward "Ned" McIntosh (who goes by "Mac" today) and his older brother Bud (now deceased) have been lifelong builders of traditional wooden boats on the shores of Great Bay in Dover, New Hampshire.



By Joanne S. Scott

With Drawings by David Q. Scott

In these days of fiberglass, one could perhaps understand how a sailor could succumb to owning a wooden boat, but four, five, over ten? Here is woven a tale through narrative poetry of the foibles and romance of a sail-smitten family and the steady accumulation of one fine character boat after another.

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I am not a good “reporter.” I am too easily sidetracked into irrelevant situations to get the facts straight and the Apalach show was another good example of that. Jane and I pulled up in the little Kia (Rio... 85hp... manual transmission... ‘02... low mileage... \$2,500... beat that Mr. Daimler) hauling old *Swann Song* which is the last paying (?) boat I plan to build. The name of the nice family it is going to is Swann. The color scheme was picked out by a 14-year-old girl and I don’t want to hear a dadblamed word about it. I got a boat just like that and some paint left over so I am going to give Old Gray a makeover. I might use canary yellow on the sheer strake, though.

The sky had been looking sort of peculiar all the way down there and, sure enough, while we were unhooking the trailer I felt that ominous cold downdraft and looked over to the east across the bay and the clouds were mighty low and black. Tendrils of rain were beginning to be drawn down as the cold air fell from way up by the stratosphere and it

Apalachicola Antique and Classic

By Robb White

was coming on fast. The lady who runs the show stopped trying to hang the little explanatory tag on the boat and said “uh oh” and did the buzzard lope toward some of the ancient brick buildings across the street and Jane and I hooked back up and got in the car. I said, “Jane, now you know why I tried to tell you we needed us another Grand Marquis instead of this little bitty thing.”

We watched through the windshield as the storm raced across the bay... had a front row seat. It looked bad, and it was, too. I’ll spare you the details but that exact same cloud spawned a tornado to the east of us and several waterspouts (tornadoes over water) out in the bay. Fortunately all we got was some real hard rain and very high winds and maybe a little hail but it was hard to tell. You

There is old *Swann Song*. You can’t see the colors but the inside is exactly the same light blue as the inside of an old model Boston Whaler. The outside is dark cobalt blue with a Corvette Red sheer strake. Next to it is a homemade duck boat. That’s an original Evinrude Ducktwin three on the stern which belonged to the builder’s grandfather and the builder ain’t no spring chicken himself. The little engine (same as a Lighttwin but olive drab) will plane that boat. If you look close along the chine you can see the little bit of “throwdown” at the stern that makes a small boat plane well with low horsepower. I am not the only person in the South who knows a thing or two about a thing or two.



know there isn’t much difference between liquid and solid at 50mph. We agreed that we were glad we weren’t out there in a boat. We did go through something like that once out in the bay in an old inside-ballasted 19’ Caribbean style sailboat and it was rough. We dropped the sail and wrapped our little boys in it and sat on the hem and shivered and bailed. That storm only lasted about 45 minutes and this one did about the same thing. Luckily it did not blow the car sideways five miles down the bay like the other storm did that boat.

The show lady was worried that the weather forecast (bad) would keep people away from the show (one or two exhibitors had called up to cancel), but when the storm had passed the sun came out and water began to evaporate from the pavement and folks started bailing their boats and putting up the sails to dry in the brisk breeze. Visitors began to emerge from their holes, blinking in the surreal brightness of the day and the show was a great success.

Not only were most of my friends from past shows there, there were some new people, too. My buddy from Alabama had finished his beautiful Joel White Haven 12½ and my buddy from Key West (born and bred!) had his old model Johnson and Evinrude collection all set out so people could see what the motor part of an outboard looked like before the invention of the plastic shroud covered up all that art work. It was a good show.

Afterwards they had a little supper party at the old “Grill” restaurant where we used to eat back in the late ‘40s and early ‘50s. They had set up for me to make a little speech... you know sort of like a Republican or Democrat fundraiser except it didn’t cost \$500 for a plate and the food was much better. Of course, the entertainment wasn’t all that professional and I did make a few remarks about Democrats and Republicans and, though some of them flinched a little bit, nobody walked out. Of course, they had already eaten real well and it is hard to move well fed Republicans and Democrats. I believe their tendency to stay put is caused by inertia and old Strom Thurmond was about the best example I can think of.

Left: There is the Haven. That guy in the horizontal striped shirt is the builder. That’s what a real boatbuilder looks like. They have a bunch of them up east, I am told. This one is from Alabama, though.

Below: The mast band on the Haven... home made just like everything on the whole boat. He even sat down and plaited that line by hand.





This one will fool you if you aren't careful. It is not a Hacker or even a Chris Craft. It's a homemade boat.



That's the Evinrude Elto side. You can see the Johnson side behind the sign. All those engines run... even that Cub which is a rare thing.



This is my favorite. That's a working oyster boat. You can see the tongs leaning up against the bow. That's a shrimp boat in the background. Notice the crankshaft anchor there on the culling board. Oystermen prefer that over all other anchors. They'll hold the boat on a real short line and won't get hung up on the oysters or mess up the bed. It is hard to see the throwdown but it's there. 23' foot boats don't need as abrupt throwdown as smaller skiffs.



This is what you see around Tahoe or Mt. Dora... varnish like the cornea of the eyeball of a Barbie Doll. Believe it or not, that is no trailer queen, though. He has a 4-cylinder GM pickup truck engine in there and runs the boat all the time, but I bet he tries to keep his varnish job in the shade.



The Johnson side, that's the old conch himself.



Turner Matthews' Arch Davis designed Pernobscot 17 alongside a Sea Pearl.

I decided to give the Mug Race a try once more, even though on June 1 I will be 89 years old. I got trashed in a thunder squall two years ago and last year we did not have any wind to even start the race.

This year my friend Noble Enge agreed to try it, even though his 25-year-old canoe needed some rebuilding of the teak rails. Noble is a great canoeist, both sailing and paddling. He has sailed in the Mug Race 20 some times. Noble is a lifelong Floridian, now retired from the Army Corps of Engineers. He is very knowledgeable about Florida spring runs and waterways. His canoe was built by Stuart Smith in Clearwater, Florida. It is an 18' fiberglass canoe with a layer of balsa between fiberglass layers in the hull. Ed Kettel helped design it for sailing. The sail is from Bremen Sails of Miami. Bremen is another former canoe sailor.

My canoe, which I built some 15 years ago, is cedar strip, 18' long, lines taken from 17' Chestnut canoe, Cronje model. In recent years for my convenience rigging and beaching I have used an ACA one design lateen sail and a small jib to give me 55sf for the 5 Meter Class. Named *Sugar*, it has been much used and repaired but is strong and heavy.

We stayed in the Riverfront Inn the night before. The 7:30am start off the Inn was pretty good with a light wind on the port side. In the first 3.5 miles I figured I was making about 4mph, which would make it a 10-hour day. I hoped the wind would improve. After the first turn we had more or less of a tailwind. I had a simple outhaul rigging on the jib so I could go wing and wing. But the wind changed direction 20 or 30

Another Try at the Mug Race

A Sailing Canoe in the
53rd Annual Mug Race
40 Miles from Palatka to
Jacksonville on the
St. John's River

By Bob Halse

degrees constantly so I had to either change course or jibe tack to keep the jib pulling. Noble pulled away from me and the first cruiser caught up to me. I was still making only about 4mph.

The next turn to port put the wind on the port side for the next 18 miles but I had to scratch to windward following the wind shifts to clear points of land, being on the leeward side of a mile-wide river. I bounced and splashed in the waves quite a bit, not good for speed. I gradually worked to windward and stayed on windward side by tacking often.

I finally reached the Green Cove bridge, a little more than halfway. But after the bridge the river is three to four miles wide and rough so I went straight ahead on port tack, looking for a beach or shelter to rest and decide what to do next. At the start I had found that my leeboard was locked in place only halfway down, I could not budge the bolt that clamped it in place while sailing. I had thought I could make out with it half down. I now saw a little bay full of lily pads,

where I pulled in into shallow water. I got out and was able to loosen the leeboard nut. The wind had been so strong I thought I would lighten the load on an old man and took the jib down.

Then I took off again. Now wind was out of the NW so I was tacking to windward. I was seriously considering whether I should pull out of the race. But there really wasn't any good place to pull out. I noticed one of the safety boats, a Searay cruiser named *For Pete's Sake*, keeping close by. They spoke to me once. I recognized them as the boat that helped me to safety when I was trashed in that squall two years ago. They sort of hung around me the rest of way. The wind was manageable so I raised the jib and decided to try to finish before 8:15pm.

I was off Switzerland then and figured at 4mph I would easily make it. Again I was working the wind shifts to work westerly for I had to round a buoy off the west end of the I295 bridge, then sail downwind two to three miles to the finish line. That buoy is awfully hard to see from a distance. I think the race committee could give us a marker like a building in the background to help locate the buoy. It easy to lose time scratching to windward to clear a buoy that one is already clearing.

I made the turn to head for the finish, but now the wind that should have carried me quickly to the finish died out. I could see the finish line just ahead. But I was just barely moving and watching time run out on my watch. They sounded the finish horn and proceeded to pick up the finish buoy so I headed for the bridge. The Finish Line Boat came alongside and asked if I wanted a tow into the Rudder Club. I was really exhausted by then. They helped me into their boat and towed my canoe into the Rudder Club. I was relieved as I would have had to paddle those several miles in the dark without their help.

The next day at the awards ceremony Noble got first in our class, 23rd overall out of 140 racers. Then the Commodore made a little speech about my struggles to almost make the finish on time and he gave me a second place trophy cup, sort of honorary, I'd say. Maybe if I keep practicing I'll finish on time some day.



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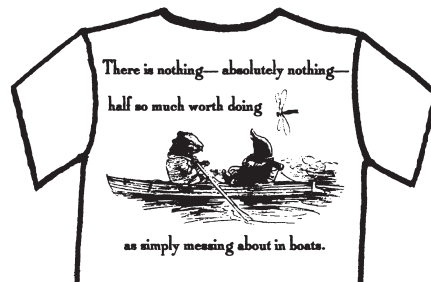
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It is very easy to become an armchair sailor. I have fond memories of a dog-eared, paperback copy of *Great Adventures in Small Boats* that I read with pleasure many times. The writers exposed their unreasoning passion for sailing and their inventiveness in the face of danger with stories like setting to sea in a boat with daylight coming through the seams or Joshua Slocum's holding marauding Fuegians at bay with carpet tacks strewn on the deck.

Every year I read stories in this magazine about small boat sailors who find their way from all over the Eastern United States to sail in the shallow waters off Cedar Key. I dreamed about joining them. It is a long way from Gloucester, Massachusetts, to the Island Place, and I had resigned myself to dreaming when another dreamer broke into my reverie.

Malcolm showed up one day to try one of the downeast style powerboats that our shop builds in Boston. During a 30kt run across the harbor we discovered that we both share a passion for exploring shallow waters in little sailboats. He told me about the Melonseed that Roger Crawford had built for him and I told him about the joys of exploring the back creeks near our home off the Annisquam River in Gloucester.

Six months later, with the dream of the powerboat still in mind, our paths crossed again at a boat show and we found that we both had always wanted to join the annual pilgrimage to Cedar Key. He confessed that he had succumbed to the lure of a new gleaming black Sea Pearl with varnished teak rails and tanbark sails and that we simply had to make the trip together.

The first Thursday in May, with rain coming down and the temperature in the 40s, we left Boston and boarded a jet headed south. My wife, Marty, had done her first sailing with me 30 years ago in the frigid sailing madness called Marblehead Frostbite, so Florida looked a lot more inviting. By evening we were standing on Malcolm's dock in Punta Gorda with pelicans diving into the tropical bay. Directly in front of us was his boat for motoring around the bay, *Mr. Toad*. His grandchildren gave him the name in honor of his irrepressible enthusiasm for his newest adventures and he verified it with his next idea. "Let's get up at 4:30 and we can be on the road before sunrise!"

Malcolm's wife reasoned with him that guests don't need to wake up before 6am. By 8am we were on the road, towing the Melonseed on the four-hour trek to Cedar Key. Since messing about is much better when enjoyed with more friends, our plan was to meet up with Malcolm's brother Harvey, his wife, and their friends from Clearwater. They would be bringing the new Sea Pearl and four kayaks.

We checked in by cell phone. "Hey Bro', where are you?" "All right, take care. I love ya." Harvey was on Rt. 19 headed north out of Clearwater. As we traveled north of Weeki Watchie we tried them again several times with no response. We wondered, were they in a ditch somewhere? It turned out they had stopped in a tiny town along the way where two sleek kayaks were sitting in a front yard with a "For Sale" sign that was too enticing for these "messers" to ignore. Once the paddles were added to the deal, they made a trip to the local cash machine, room was found for them on top of the van, and our fleet was up to eight boats.

Mr. Toad Goes to Cedar Key

By Mark Lindsay



The Island Hotel in Cedar Key has hardly changed since the 1800's.

Cedar Key is a town that time forgot. After reaching its peak as one of the largest deep water ports on Florida's West Coast in the late 1800s, it fell back into a quiet slumber after the old growth cedars were all cut down and turned into pencils. The hotel where we stayed, built in 1859, had played host to Myrna Loy, Tennessee Ernie Ford, and even Jimmy Buffet, who had serenaded passers-by from the veranda. We gathered there with a bottle of wine and toasted "Mr. Toad's" excellent ideas, finally retiring to the dining room to feast on fresh pecan-crusted grouper. After dinner we strolled down the middle of the main street through town in the quiet darkness without seeing a car on the road.

The next morning the beach in front of the Island Place and the bay outside was crowded with an amazing array of floating craft. Each of us clearly had a different vision of the perfect boat. Marty and I launched Malcolm's Melonseed and reached over to the white sand beaches of Atsena Otie, a mile offshore. After years of the excitement of high performance race boats, it was delightful to just sit on the floorboards with only a single part sheet and a tiller and to feel the little hull lifting gracefully over the waves.

Our first encounter when we landed on the island was with Bernard, a furniture refinisher from Atlanta, who had come with his wife and their beautiful Iain Oughtred Guillemot. He had seen Winslow Homer's painting *Breezing Up* at an art exhibition. It so enchanted him that he decided he wanted to learn how to sail and he started by building a boat.

Next I found an old friend, Meade Gougeon, who was there with his exotic lightweight power catamaran beach boat. Able to carry a crowd of people in shade and comfort at 18kts with only a quiet 30hp 4-stroke outboard for power, it nosed up on the beach and lowered the front of its main wing as a landing ramp.

Meade introduced us to the sailing canoe crowd, led by Hugh Horton who builds these amazingly light little cruising vessels from carbon, Kevlar, wood, and epoxy. With innovative half wishbone booms, tiny full battened sails, and rotating masts they look fragile but are surprisingly tough and capable.

Jim Brown, the imaginative designer of the SeaRunner Trimaran, had brought a strip built sailing kayak with a broad fantail stern, wave piercing bow, foil-shaped hollow aluminum daggerboard, and a bendy carbon mast sailing rig that stowed in lashings on the deck. The design requirement was a hull that would allow him to stand up for fishing, have stability under sail, and still be easy and quick to paddle. Matt Layden, designer of the absolute minimalist live-aboard boat, "Paradox," approved of the hull design of Jim's boat, even though it was radically different from Matt's latest single paddle, trim tab steered, sailing kayak.

Even the ubiquitous Sea Pearls wore different rigs. Some had roller furling masts with vertical batten sails, some had sprit rigs, some were set up as trimarans with amas. Malcolm had flooded the ballast tanks to add stability and then outfitted Pat's Pearl with wood and canvas beach chairs in the forward cockpit and padded folding seats aft. We set off from Atsena as he reclined in the forward beach chair. When he spied another Sea Pearl headed offshore towards Snake Key, he pointed toward the island in the distance and passed the command aft, "Go there!" The southwest wind was pushing whitecaps across the bright shoal waters of the bay and we nudged Malcolm's GPS to 7kts as we close reached under bright blue skies. Mr. Toad was in a paradise of delight. We all were.

Standing under the breeze ruffled palm trees amid the bleached driftwood of fallen cedars on the white sands of Snake Key, we were amused to meet the owners of another Sea Pearl who had twice tried to sell their boat and found they couldn't part with it. As they splashed in the shallow water they seemed quite pleased with the results of their indecision.

When we glided back under the protected bight of Atsena Otie later on we met the Melonseed skipping across the waves with its two laughing crew members, who asked if we had seen the eagle that was soaring overhead. A kayak expedition to find the secret waterway through the center of the island followed. The days just slipped by and suddenly it was Monday morning, the boats were hauled and tied down, and we were heading out of town.

Malcolm couldn't believe we weren't planning to stay another day. He still had an Alerion 28 that we hadn't sailed yet and ever so many places still to explore! "You'll just have to come back." As we drove up to the departure level at the Ft. Myers airport and stopped at the curb to unload, the officer on duty came over and looked at the gleaming little Melonseed on the trailer. "Is that a sailboat?" he asked. And then rather wistfully he added, "I always wanted to learn how to sail..."

Thank you Mr. Toad for your irrepressible enthusiasm. Thank you for getting me up out of that armchair and onto the water. As Ratty says, "There is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. In or out of 'em, it doesn't matter. Nothing seems really to matter, that's the charm of it. Whether you get away, or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular; and when you've done it there's always something else to do, and you can do it if you like, but you'd much better not."



Patricia watches from the Melonseed as we reach by in the Sea Pearl.



I think I could just do this forever...



Malcolm going in for close-up action shots of the boats off Atsena Otie.



Mr. Toad is delighted with his new Sea Pearl. The Melonseed is moored alongside at Atsena Otie.



Meade Gougeon explains the joys of sailing a Hugh Horton canoe. Turner Matthew's lovely Penobscot 17.



Meade Gougeon's power beach cat with the landing ramp lowered. The Great Pelican, a 16' cruising yacht.





Jim Brown's fantail sailing kayak with aluminum daggerboard.



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I left Salem about 3pm somewhat doubtful about whether it would rain. Traffic was heavy as I turned off I81 onto the Buchanan exit. Route 11 east is one of the old roads that carries much less traffic than it used to, being largely replaced by I81. Cows, old houses, and honeysuckle populate the roadside encouraging a much slower traveling pace.

At the boat ramp in Buchanan I noticed the river was up about 6', making launching my hovercraft possible from the parking lot. The gravel was wet from a recent rain so dust from the lift and thrust props wouldn't be a problem. Start the lift engine, push the craft backward off the trailer, and nose it around toward the river. The trailer stays where it is and, upon my return, I can nose the craft up on the trailer to return home.

I love this part. Sitting in the craft on dry land, giving throttle to the thrust engine and the craft darts out onto the chocolate colored water. I headed upstream to see what I could see. Because the river was up about 6' most of the rapids were buried in rushing water, leaving a flat wide rippling road ahead of me. Moving along, the air temperature was warm, shirt sleeves only, as the craft nosed under the I81 bridge. With most of the rapids covered, it's like being on a lake with shoreline on both sides 50 yards away.

Getting comfortable, I set the throttle on the first notch of the cruise control. After about five miles I spotted some fishermen on the right bank getting ready to launch two john boats. Around a bend an eagle held station overhead, orbiting its territory, hoping for a snack. Geese beat the water with wings gaining speed for lift-off when their feet seem to walk on the surface. I held my speed, the geese became airborne, gaining altitude, banking hard left to clear the riverbank trees. Looking upriver I noticed trees on the mountain sides were just putting out leaves and the effect from my position gave an almost iridescent green color just lightly brushed against the forest's darker cover. Moving along, fresh smells of growing things and soil bearing river water let me know the earth was alive again.

Eight miles upriver, according to my GPS, I decided to turn around and head back toward Buchanan. Soon I again saw the two john boats in the water near the bank and wondered why the four guys were taking so long to get moving downriver. Slowing down, I cut the engines and drifted past the men. They said they were going to float fish down to Buchanan. It was about 4pm and they had about five miles to go. I hoped they'd make it by dark. They seemed confident as men usually are. Maybe the faster current would speed them along.

Rounding a bend in the river I saw the Buchanan boat ramp and slowed, feeling the need to stretch my legs. I saw a good transition location and moved from water to land, then shut down the engines. From the picnic table near the parking lot I noticed small birds doing aerobatics close to, and sometimes touching, the water. These small, fast flying birds are what I call barn swallows.

Rested, I climbed back in my craft and headed downstream. On the right bank I saw six or seven people in a campsite with tents and a canopy over a table. Being Sunday, this was the last day of the long Easter weekend for these people who must have camped for three days, enjoying the fishing and outdoors. Part of the land along the river is

Travelling on the James Of Beer, Monster Fish, and Ugly Sticks

By Steve Kryzsko

national forest so camping is allowed. Passing the rock quarry on my right I was into rapids and water splashed over the windshield. I forgot that the higher water level produces 3½' waves through this 100-yard long rapid. I slowed down and the craft rocked end to end through the wave troughs and over the wave crests.

About two miles down from the Buchanan boat ramp I noticed a small plastic boat bumping against the shoreline. Slowing, I could see the boat had an electric trolling motor and was upright. Coming around, my boat wake caused the plastic boat to drift back out in the current. The boat seemed to be loaded with fishing equipment, food, and a cooler half full of beer. I steered my craft beside the abandoned boat and nudged it onto a gravel bar. The water was about 6" deep so I donned my knee-high rubber boots and stepped into cold water.

Standing beside the boat I saw no evidence of fishermen anywhere around. The boat was adrift and not tied up so the man wasn't on the bank or he would have tied the boat to a tree to keep it from drifting away. This was a very curious situation. Bending down, I released the catch on the trolling motor and the prop came out of the water spinning. It looked like whoever it was left the boat in a hurry not having time to turn off the trolling motor. The rapids I had come through upriver were about a mile away and could easily have dumped the fisherman out into the river, especially if some of the beer in the cooler had been consumed. This type of boat is sold at the local sporting goods stores under the name of crawdad. It's 10' long and 4' wide with various pockets molded in for seats and equipment.

I remembered not seeing anyone in the water or on the bank when coming down river. Where could the fisherman have gone?

Cell phones are handy devices and when on the river I carry mine for emergency use. Dialing 911, after it rang twice a woman answered my call. I related the information about what I had found plus the boat number and my concern that someone may be in trouble. The woman said that earlier in the day she got a report of two men turning their boat over and rescuing themselves. I then told her that the boat I had found was upright with all the gear intact. She said she would get back to me.

Standing in 6" of water, I sat on the corner of the abandoned beer/fishing boat. It had been cloudy and rain now drizzled down but not enough for me to seek shelter. My eye caught sight of one of the three fishing poles on the beer boat. Ugly stick, and an ultra light spin cast with a green tailed shyster spinner blade waiting for a steady hand. The woman hadn't called me back yet and knowing how government agencies operate, I figured I might be waiting awhile, so why not cast the shyster lure? I'd been meaning to buy an ultralight and this was a good time to try one in the river while time passed. From where I stood there was nothing remarkable about the river, just swift water flowing past

my toes about 40 yards to the other bank.

Airborne, the green-tailed shyster arched out about 20 yards and kerplunked into the 3.5mph current. Having fished this type of lure before I knew that retrieval was not fast but medium, allowing the spinner blade to do its work. Not expecting anything to happen on the first cast, I suddenly felt the pole jerked in my hands. I didn't try to set the hook but the fish was determined to have the bit of metal and deer hair so I started reeling. Fight, I thought there was a monster attacking the lightweight rod. After the fish figured out he didn't really want the lure any more, the line went into deeper water. Relentlessly my hand turned the crank. The fish tired and at last I saw him, a small fish at my feet. How could such a big fight come from such a diminutive creature? A small mouth fish, but big fight. Grasping the fighter's lower lip I maneuvered the treble hook out of the flesh and lowered him/her back into the water. I was amazed.

The shyster flashed outward over the water again and in a few seconds the same results. After the third fish was hooked my cell phone rang. Now what? I had forgotten about the woman calling back and was reluctant to quit cranking the ugly stick. Duty called. "Hello," I said. The voice on the other end has a distinct masculine sound, who could this be? The male voice said, "Sir, I'm the game warden for this area." I reacted like he was standing beside me. Did I remember to buy a fishing license? Did I remember to put it in my billfold?

He continued, "Sir (I like being called Sir by a government employee, after all, I pay his salary), I've tracked down the owner and the boat appears to be the one that the men fell out of Sunday morning. Did you say there was still beer on board?" I acknowledged in the affirmative. "Well, perhaps the boys were enjoying their ride a little too much and tumbled out in the rapids."

"You know I think you are probably right." (I always try to agree with the Game Wardens whenever I can). He asked me where the boat was located and said he would bring a trailer plus the owner. "If you think we can haul the boat up the bank, we will come and retrieve the man's property."

After working out the details of where on the river I was (two miles downriver from the Buchanan boat ramp) the warden suggested that I mark a tree on the field side so driving into the cow pasture they could spot where the boat was located. I took the styrofoam cooler lid (a corner was already broken off) up the bank, found a branch about 6' high, and tied the 2'x3' styrofoam lid to the limb.

The rain began to come down like you like to hear it on a tin roof, so I reluctantly put the ugly stick back in the beer/boat, got in my hovercraft (*Rockhopper* is its name, hopping rocks is its game), and headed back the two miles upriver to the Buchanan ramp. Coming up on the big rapids I took some water over the windshield and, looking at the waves, I could see how the tipsy boat with a tipsy crew could have come to grief so easily.

Rounding the bend and going under the footbridge, I lined up on the bank right behind my trailer and with a little more throttle the hovercraft made the transition and pirouetted, stopping nose up aimed right at the back of my trailer. Traveling on the James River is always rewarding for me, whether it's seeing all the wildlife, finding boats with no crew, or enjoying the sights and smells of the river.

On Saturday, May 6, we paddled the third segment of the great Source to the Sea Canoe Adventure. Finally we have arrived at a section of the river where it is beginning to widen out and be less inclined to be blocked by downed trees and other obstacles.

Bill Conrad came with the 19½' E.M. White and Larry Meyer brought his 17' Chestnut Prospector. I joined Ed Howard in the big 18' Old Town guide for this 6½-mile portion of the Charles.

The River Street Canoe Launch in Norfolk is a nice landing, maintained by the Charles River Watershed Association. Shortly after launching we found the Class I or II rapids under the Myrtle Street Bridge. The guidebook said to run this on the left side for the deepest water and so we did. Maybe it was the deepest water but it wasn't quite deep enough for Larry's Prospector, he managed to find a sharp rock along the way which put a small rip in the canvas which resulted in a lit-

Charles River Source to the Sea

By Steve Lapey

Segment III

tle leakage for the rest of the voyage. I am not sure if it was the same rock or another in the same area that caught the bottom of Ed's Guide, but the result was the same. We would have paid a pretty price for some duct tape or some Ambroid® cement as both boats could have used some quick repairs.

At the next bridge along the way, Rockville Rips are rated Class II in the guidebook so we took a good look before entering and decided that the better course of action would be about a 100-yard portage to the quieter water beyond the bridge. This was proba-

bly the right idea, there are lots of rocks in the narrow channels under the bridge that would have been a little dicey in our wooden boats.

After the Route 115 bridge there was a small section of quickwater but by this time we were getting pretty good at boulder dodging and we sailed right through. From here, all the way to the take out at Route 109, it was strictly flatwater through an area of marshland, very remote with lots of birds to watch along with several hundred painted turtles and at least one very large snapping turtle that we saw in the shallow water.

We came to the take-out at just the right time as the wind started to pick up and the clouds started to move in, so we packed up, looking forward to the next segment on June 3 which will be from Route 109 to the South Natick Dam. This stretch will be 100% flatwater so there won't be any boulder dodging involved.

(To Be Continued)



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The boundary line between the Province of Quebec and New Brunswick, for a considerable part of its course, resembles the name of the poet Keats, it is "writ in water." But like his fame, it is water that never fails, the limpid current of the river Ristigouche.

The railway crawls over it on a long bridge at Metapedia and you are dropped in the darkness somewhere between midnight and dawn. When you open your window shutters the next morning you see that the village is a disconsolate hamlet, scattered along the track as if it had been shaken by chance from an open freight car; it consists of 20 houses, three shops, and a discouraged church perched upon a little hillock like a solitary mourner on the anxious seat. The one comfortable and prosperous feature in the countenance of Metapedia is the house of the Ristigouche Salmon Club, an old fashioned mansion with broad, white piazza looking over rich meadowlands. Here it was that I found my friend Favonius, president of solemn societies, pillar of church and state, ingenuously arrayed in gray knickerbockers, a flannel shirt, and a soft hat, waiting to take me on his horse yacht for a voyage up the river.

Have you ever seen a horse yacht? Sometimes it is called a scow, but that sounds common. Sometimes it is called a houseboat, but that is too English. What does it profit a man to have a whole dictionary full of language at his service unless he can invent a new and suggestive name for his friend's pleasure craft? The foundation of the horse yacht, if a thing that floats may be called fundamental, is a flat bottomed boat, some 50 feet long and ten feet wide, with a draft of about eight inches. The deck is open for 15 feet aft of the place where the bowsprit ought to be, behind that it is completely covered by a house, cabin, cottage, or whatever you choose to call it, with straight sides and a peaked roof of a very early Gothic pattern.

Looking in at the door you see, first of all, two cots, one on either side of the passage, then an open space with a dining table, a stove, and some chairs, beyond that a pantry with shelves, and a great chest for provisions. A door at the back opens into the kitchen and from that another door opens into a sleeping room for the boatmen. A huge wooden tiller curves over the stern of the boat and the helmsman stands upon the kitchen roof. Two canoes are floating behind, holding back, at the end of their long tow-ropes, as if reluctant to follow so clumsy a leader.

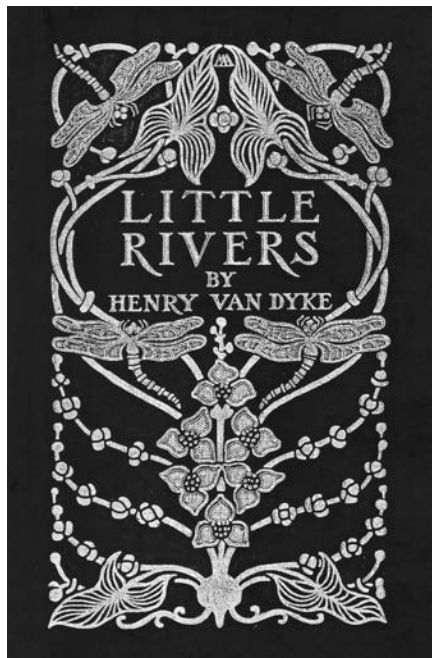
This is an accurate description of the horse yacht. If necessary it could be sworn to before a notary public. But I am perfectly sure that you might read this page through without skipping a word, and if you had never seen the creature with your own eyes you would have no idea how absurd it looks and how comfortable it is.

While we were stowing away our trunks and bags under the cots and making an equitable division of the hooks upon the walls, the motive power of the yacht stood patiently upon the shore, stamping a hoof now and then or shaking a shaggy head in mild protest against the flies. Three more pessimistic-looking horses I never saw. They were harnessed abreast and fastened by a prodigious tow rope to a short post in the middle of the forward deck. Their driver was a truculent, brigandish, bearded old fellow in long boots, a blue flannel shirt, and a black sombrero. He sat upon the middle horse and some wild instinct of colour had made him tie a big red

The Ristigouche From a Horse-Yacht

From *Little Rivers* by
Henry Van Dyke – 1888

Contributed by Dick Winslow



handkerchief around his shoulders so that the eye of the beholder took delight in him. He posed like a bold, bad robber chief, but in point of fact I believe he was the mildest and most inoffensive of men. We never heard him say anything except at a distance, to his horses, and we did not inquire what that was.

Well, as I have said, we were haggling courteously over those hooks in the cabin when the boat gave a lurch. The bow swung out into the stream. There was a scrambling and clattering of iron horse shoes on the rough shingle of the bank, and when we looked out of doors our house was moving up the river with the boat under it.

The Ristigouche is a noble stream, stately and swift and strong. It rises among the dense forests in the northern part of New Brunswick, a moist upland region, of never failing springs and innumerable lakes and pours a flood of clear, cold water 150 miles northward and eastward through the hills into the head of the Bay of Chaleurs. There are no falls in its course, but rapids everywhere. It is steadfast but not impetuous, quick but not turbulent, resolute and eager in its desire to get to the sea, like the life of a man who has a purpose, "Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

The wonder is where all the water comes from. But the river is fed by more than 6,000 square miles of territory. From both sides the little brooks come dashing in with their supply. At intervals a larger stream, reaching away back among the mountains like a hand with many fingers to gather "the filtered tribute of the rough woodland" delivers its generous offering to the main current.

The names of the chief tributaries of the Ristigouche are curious. There is the headstrong Metapedia, the crooked Upsalquitch, the Patapedia, and the Quatawamkedgwick. These are words at which the tongue balks at first but you soon grow used to them and

learn to take anything of five syllables with a rush, as a hunter takes a five-barred gate, trusting to fortune that you will come down with the accent in the right place.

For six or seven miles above Metapedia the river has a breadth of about 200 yards and the valley slopes back rather gently to the mountains on either side. There is a good deal of cultivated land and scattered farm houses appear. The soil is excellent. But it is like a pearl cast before an obstinate, unfriendly climate. Late frosts prolong the winter. Early frosts curtail the summer. The only safe crops are grass, oats, and potatoes.

And for half the year all the cattle must be housed and fed to keep them alive. This lends a melancholy aspect to agriculture. Most of the farmers look as if they had never seen better days. With few exceptions they are what a New Englander would call "slack, twisted, and shiftless." Their barns are pervious to the weather and their fences fail to connect. Sleds and ploughs rust together beside the house and chickens scratch up the front door yard.

In truth, the people have been somewhat demoralised by the conflicting claims of different occupations; hunting in the fall, lumbering in the winter and spring, and working for the American sportsmen in the brief angling season are so much more attractive and offer so much larger returns of ready money that the tedious toil of farming is neglected. But for all that, in the bright days of midsummer, these green fields sloping down to the water and pastures high up among the trees on the hill-sides look pleasant from a distance and give an inhabited air to the landscape.

At the mouth of the Upsalquitch we passed the first of the fishing lodges. It belongs to a sage angler from Albany who saw the beauty of the situation years ago and built a habitation to match it. Since that time a number of gentlemen have bought land fronting on good pools and put up little cottages of a less classical style than Charles Cotton's "Fisherman's Retreat" on the banks of the river Dove, but better suited to this wild scenery and more convenient to live in. The prevailing pattern is a very simple one; it consists of a broad piazza with a small house in the middle of it. The house bears about the same proportion to the piazza that the crown of a Gainsborough hat does to the brim.

And the cost of the edifice is to the cost of the land as the first price of a share in a bankrupt railway is to the assessments which follow the reorganisation. All the best points have been sold and real estate on the Ristigouche has been bid up to an absurd figure. In fact, the river is overpopulated and probably overfished. But we could hardly find it in our hearts to regret this, for it made the upward trip a very sociable one. At every lodge that was open, Favonius (who knows everybody) had a friend and we must slip ashore in a canoe to leave the mail and refresh the inner man.

An angler, like an Arab, regards hospitality as a religious duty. There seems to be something in the craft which inclines the heart to kindness and good fellowship. Few anglers have I seen who were not pleasant to meet and ready to do a good turn to a fellow fisherman with the gift of a killing fly or the loan of a rod. Not their own particular and well-proved favourite, of course, for that is a treasure which no decent man would borrow, but with that exception the best in their store is at the service of an accredited brother.

One of the Ristigouche proprietors I remember, whose name bespoke him a descendant of Caledonia's patron saint. He was fishing in front of his own door when we came up with our splashing horses, through the pool, but nothing would do but he must up anchor and have us away with him into the house to taste his good cheer. And there were his daughters with their books and needlework and the photographs which they had taken pinned up on the wooden walls among Japanese fans and bits of bright coloured stuff in which the soul of woman delights, and, in a passive, silent way, the soul of man, also.

Then, after we had discussed the year's fishing and the mysteries of the camera and the deep question of what makes some negatives too thin and others too thick, we must go out to see the big salmon which one of the ladies had caught a few days before, and the large trout swimming about in their cold spring. It seemed to me, as we went on our way, that there could hardly be a more wholesome and pleasant summer life for well bred young women than this, or two amusements more innocent and sensible than photography and fly fishing.

It must be confessed that the horse yacht as a vehicle of travel is not remarkable in point of speed. Three miles an hour is not a very rapid rate of motion. But then, if you are not in a hurry, why should you care to make haste? The wild desire to be forever racing against old Father Time is one of the killjoys of modern life. That ancient traveler is sure to beat you in the long run, and as long as you are trying to rival him, he will make your life a burden. But if you will only acknowledge his superiority and profess that you do not approve of racing after all, he will settle down quietly beside you and jog along like the most companionable of creatures. That is a pleasant pilgrimage in which the journey itself is part of the destination.

As soon as one learns to regard the horse yacht as a sort of moving house, it appears admirable. There is no dust or smoke, no rumble of wheels or shriek of whistles. You are gliding along steadily through an evergreen world, skirting the silent hills, passing from one side of the river to the other when the horses have to swim the current to find a good foothold on the bank. You are on the water but not at its mercy, for your craft is not disturbed by the heaving of rude waves and the serene inhabitants do not say, "I am sick." There is room enough to move about without falling overboard. You may sleep, or read, or write in your cabin or sit upon the floating piazza in an armchair and smoke the pipe of peace while the cool breeze blows in your face and the musical waves go singing down to the sea.

There was one feature about the boat which commended itself very strongly to my mind. It was possible to stand upon the forward deck and do a little trout fishing in motion. By watching your chance, when the corner of a good pool was within easy reach, you could send out a hasty line and cajole a sea trout from his hiding place. It is true that the tow ropes and the post made the back cast a little awkward and the wind sometimes blew the flies up on the roof of the cabin, but then, with patience and a short line, the thing could be done. I remember a pair of good trout that rose together just as we were going through a boiling rapid, and it tried the strength of my split bamboo rod to bring

those fish to the net against the current and the motion of the boat.

When nightfall approached we let go the anchor (to wit, a rope tied to a large stone on the shore), ate our dinner "with gladness and singleness of heart" like the early Christians, and slept the sleep of the just, lulled by the murmuring of the waters and defended from the insidious attacks of the mosquito by the breeze blowing down the river and the impregnable curtains over our beds. At daybreak, long before Favonius and I had finished our dreams, we were underway again and when the tramping of the horses on some rocky shore awakened us, we could see the steep hills gliding past the windows and hear the rapids dashing against the side of the boat and it seemed as if we were still dreaming.

At Cross Point, where the river makes a long loop around a narrow mountain, thin as a saw and crowned on its jagged edge by a rude wooden cross, we stopped for an hour to try the fishing. It was here that I hooked two mysterious creatures, each of which took the fly when it was below the surface, pulled for a few moments in a sullen way, and then apparently melted into nothingness. It will always be a source of regret to me that the nature of these fish must remain unknown.

While they were on the line it was the general opinion that they were heavy trout, but no sooner had they departed than I became firmly convinced, in accordance with a psychological law which holds good all over the world, that they were both enormous salmon. Even the Turks have a proverb which says, "Every fish that escapes appears larger than it is."

The Slide Pool is in the wildest and most picturesque part of the river, about 35 miles above Metapedia. The stream, flowing swiftly down a stretch of rapids between forest clad hills, runs straight toward the base of an eminence so precipitous that the trees can hardly find a foothold upon it and seem to be climbing up in haste on either side of the long slide which leads to the summit. The current, barred by the wall of rock, takes a great sweep to the right, dashing up at first in angry waves, then falling away in oily curves and eddies until at last it sleeps in a black deep, apparently almost motionless, at the foot of the hill. It was here, on the upper edge of the stream, opposite to the slide, that we brought our floating camp to anchor for some days. What does one do in such a watering place?

Let us take a "specimen day." It is early morning, or to be more precise, about eight of the clock, and the white fog is just beginning to curl and drift away from the surface of the river. Sooner than this it would be idle to go out. The preternaturally early bird in his greedy haste may catch the worm, but the salmon never take the fly until the fog has lifted, and in this the scientific angler sees, with gratitude, a remarkable adaptation of the laws of nature to the tastes of man. The canoes are waiting at the front door. We step into them and push off, Favonius going up the stream a couple of miles to the mouth of the Patapedia, and I down, a little shorter distance, to the famous Indian House Pool. The slim boat glides easily on the current with a smooth buoyant motion, quickened by the strokes of the paddles in the bow and the stern. We pass around two curves in the river and find ourselves at the head of the pool. Here the man in the stern drops the anchor, just on the edge of the bar where the rapid

breaks over into the deeper water. The long rod is lifted, the fly unhooked from the reel, a few feet of line pulled through the rings, and the fishing begins.

First cast to the right, straight across the stream, about 20 feet, the current carries the fly down with a semicircular sweep until it comes in line with the bow of the canoe. Second cast to the left, straight across the stream with the same motion, the semicircle is completed and the fly hangs quivering for a few seconds at the lowest point of the arc. Three or four feet of line are drawn from the reel. Third cast to the right, fourth cast to the left. Then a little more line.

And so, with widening half-circles, the water is covered, gradually and very carefully until at length the angler has as much line out as his two handed rod can lift and swing. Then the first "drop" is finished, the man in the stern quietly pulls up the anchor and lets the boat drift down a few yards, the same process is repeated on the second drop, and so on until the end of the run is reached and the fly has passed over all the good water. This seems like a very regular and somewhat mechanical proceeding as one describes it, but in the performance it is rendered intensely interesting by the knowledge that at any moment it is liable to be interrupted.

This morning the interruption comes early. At the first cast of the second drop, before the fly has fairly lit, a great flash of silver darts from the waves close by the boat. Usually a salmon takes the fly rather slowly, carrying it under water before he seizes it in his mouth. But this one is in no mood for deliberation. He has hooked himself with a rush and the line goes whirling madly from the reel as he races down the pool. Keep the point of the rod low, he must have his own way now. Up with the anchor quickly and send the canoe after him, bowman and sternman paddling with swift strokes. He has reached the deepest water, he stops to think what has happened to him, we have passed around and below him and now, with the current to help us, we can begin to reel in.

Lift the point of the rod with a strong, steady pull. Put the force of both arms into it. The tough wood will stand the strain. The fish must be moved, he must come to the boat if he is ever to be landed. He gives a little and yields slowly to the pressure. Then suddenly he gives too much and runs straight toward us. Reel in now as swiftly as possible or else he will get a slack on the line and escape. Now he stops, shakes his head from side to side, and darts away again across the pool, leaping high out of water. Don't touch the reel! Drop the point of the rod quickly, for if he falls on the leader he will surely break it.

Another leap, and another! Truly he is "a merry one" and it will go hard with us to hold him. But those great leaps have exhausted his strength and now he follows the rod more easily. The men push the boat back to the shallow side of the pool until it touches lightly on the shore. The fish comes slowly in, fighting a little and making a few short runs, he is tired and turns slightly on his side, but even yet he is a heavy weight on the line and it seems a wonder that so slight a thing as the leader can guide and draw him. Now he is close to the boat. The boatman steps out on a rock with his gaff. Steadily now and slowly, lift the rod, bending it backward.

A quick sure stroke of the steel! A great splash and the salmon is lifted upon the

shore. How he flounces about on the stones. Give him the coup de grace at once, for his own sake as well as for ours. And now look at him as he lies there on the green leaves. Broad back, small head tapering to a point, clean, shining sides with a few black spots on them, it is a fish fresh run from the sea, in perfect condition, and that is the reason why he has given such good sport.

We must try for another before we go back. Again fortune favours us and at eleven o'clock we pole up the river to the camp with two good salmon in the canoe. Hardly have we laid them away in the icebox when Favonius comes dropping down from Patapedia with three fish, one of them a 24 pounder. And so the morning's work is done.

In the evening, after dinner, it was our custom to sit out on the deck, watching the moonlight as it fell softly over the black hills and changed the river into a pale flood of rolling gold. The fragrant wreaths of smoke floated lazily away on the faint breeze of night. There was no sound save the rushing of the water and the crackling of the campfire on the shore. We talked of many things in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, touching lightly here and there as the spirit of vagrant converse led us.

Favonius has the good sense to talk about himself occasionally and tell his own experience. The man who will not do that must always be a dull companion. Modest egoism is the salt of conversation, you do not want too much of it but if it is altogether omitted, everything tastes flat. I remember well the evening when he told me the story of the Sheep of the Wilderness.

"I was ill that summer," said he, "and the doctor had ordered me to go into the woods, but on no account to go without plenty of fresh meat which was essential to my recovery. So we set out into the wild country north of Georgian Bay, taking a live sheep with us in order to be sure that the doctor's prescription might be faithfully followed. It was a young and innocent little beast, curling itself up at my feet in the canoe and following me about on shore like a dog. I gathered grass every day to feed it and carried it in my arms over the rough portages. It ate out of my hand and rubbed its woolly head against my leggings.

To my dismay, I found that I was beginning to love it for its own sake and without any ulterior motives. The thought of killing and eating it became more and more painful to me until at length the fatal fascination was complete and my trip became practically an exercise of devotion to that sheep. I carried it everywhere and ministered fondly to its wants. Not for the world would I have alluded to mutton in its presence. And when we returned to civilization I parted from the creature with sincere regret and the consciousness that I had humoured my affections at the expense of my digestion. The sheep did not give me so much as a look of farewell but fell to feeding on the grass beside the farmhouse with an air of placid triumph."

After hearing this touching tale I was glad that no great intimacy had sprung up between Favonius and the chickens which we carried in a coop on the forecastle head, for there is no telling what restrictions his tender heartedness might have laid upon our larder. But perhaps a chicken would not have given such an opening for misplaced affection as a sheep. There is a great difference in animals in this respect. I certainly never heard of any one falling in love with a

salmon in such a way as to regard it as a fond companion. And this may be one reason why no sensible person who has tried fishing has ever been able to see any cruelty in it.

Suppose the fish is not caught by an angler, what is his alternative fate? He will either perish miserably in the struggles of the crowded net or die of old age and starvation like the long, lean stragglers which are sometimes found in the shallow pool, or be devoured by a larger fish, or torn to pieces by a seal or an otter. Compared with any of these miserable deaths, the fate of a salmon who is hooked in a clear stream and after a glorious fight receives the happy despatch at the moment when he touches the shore, is a sort of euthanasia. And, since the fish was made to be man's food, the angler who brings him to the table of destiny in the cleanest, quickest, kindest way is, in fact, his benefactor.

There were some days, however, when our benevolent intentions toward the salmon were frustrated, mornings when they refused to rise and evenings when they escaped even the skillful endeavours of Favonius. In vain did he try every fly in his book, from the smallest "Silver Doctor" to the largest "Golden Eagle." The "Black Dose" would not move them. The "Durham Ranger" covered the pool in vain. On days like this, if a stray fish rose, it was hard to land him for he was usually but slightly hooked.

I remember one of these shy creatures which led me a pretty dance at the mouth of Patapedia. He came to the fly just at dusk, rising very softly and quietly as if he did not really care for it but only wanted to see what it was like. He went down at once into deep water and began the most dangerous and exasperating of all salmon tactics, moving around in slow circles and shaking his head from side to side, with sullen pertinacity. This is called "jigging," and unless it can be stopped, the result is fatal.

I could not stop it. That salmon was determined to jig. He knew more than I did. The canoe followed him down the pool. He jigged away past all three of the inlets of the Patapedia and at last, in the still, deep water below, after we had laboured with him for half an hour and brought him near enough to see that he was immense, he calmly opened his mouth and the fly came back to me void. That was a sad evening in which all the consolations of philosophy were needed.

Sunday was a very peaceful day in our camp. In the Dominion of Canada the question "to fish or not to fish" on the first day of the week is not left to the frailty of the individual conscience. The law on the subject is quite explicit and says that between six o'clock on Saturday evening and six o'clock on Monday morning all nets shall be taken up and no one shall wet a line. The Ristigouche Salmon Club has its guardians stationed all along the river and they are quite as inflexible in seeing that their employers keep this law as the famous sentinel was in refusing to let Napoleon pass without the countersign.

But I do not think that these keen sportsmen regard it as a hardship, they are quite willing that the fish should have "an off day" in every week and only grumble because some of the net owners down at the mouth of the river have brought political influence to bear in their favour and obtained exemption from the rule. For our part, we were nothing loath to hang up our rods and make the day different from other days.

In the morning we had a service in the cabin of the boat, gathering a little congregation of guardians and boatmen and people from a solitary farmhouse by the river. They came in pirogues, long, narrow boats hollowed from the trunk of a tree, the black-eyed, brown-faced girls sitting back to back in the middle of the boat and the men standing up bending to their poles. It seemed a picturesque way of travelling, although none too safe.

In the afternoon we sat on deck and looked at the water. What a charm there is in watching a swift stream! The eye never wearies of following its curls and eddies, the shadow of the waves dancing over the stones, the strange, crinkling lines of sunlight in the shallows. There is a sort of fascination in it, lulling and soothing the mind into a quietude which is even pleasanter than sleep and making it almost possible to do that of which we so often speak but which we never quite accomplish, "think about nothing." Out on the edge of the pool we could see five or six huge salmon, moving slowly from side to side, or lying motionless like gray shadows. There was nothing to break the silence except the thin clear whistle of the white-throated sparrow far back in the woods. This is almost the only bird song that one hears on the river unless you count the metallic "chr-r-r-e" of the kingfisher as a song.

Every now and then one of the salmon in the pool would lazily roll out of water or spring high into the air and fall back with a heavy splash. What is it that makes salmon leap? Is it pain or pleasure? Do they do it to escape the attack of another fish, or to shake off a parasite that clings to them, or to practice jumping so that they can ascend the falls when they reach them, or simply and solely out of exuberant gladness and joy of living? Anyone of these reasons would be enough to account for it on weekdays. On Sunday I am quite sure they do it for the trial of the fisherman's faith.

But how should I tell all the little incidents which made that lazy voyage so delightful? Favonius was the ideal host for on water, as well as on land, he knows how to provide for the liberty as well as for the wants of his guests. He understands also the fine art of conversation, which consists of silence as well as speech. And when it comes to angling, Izaak Walton himself could not have been a more profitable teacher by precept or example. Indeed, it is a curious thought and one full of sadness to a well constituted mind that on the Ristigouche, "I.W." would have been at sea, for the beloved father of all fishermen passed through this world without ever catching a salmon. So ill does fortune match with merit here below.

At last the days of idleness were ended. We could not "fold our tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away," but we took down the long rods, put away the heavy reels, made the canoes fast to the side of the house, embarked the three horses on the front deck, and then dropped down with the current, swinging along through the rapids and drifting slowly through the still places, now grounding on a hidden rock and now sweeping around a sharp curve, until at length we saw the roofs of Metapedia and the ugly bridge of the railway spanning the river. There we left our floating house, awkward and helpless, like some strange relic of the flood, stranded on the shore. And as we climbed the bank we looked back and wondered whether Noah was sorry when he said good-bye to his ark.



When I became a freshman at Princeton in 1953 my classmates were all male and were just about evenly divided between the sons and grandsons of alumni who had just graduated from New England prep schools and the rest of us who were from public high schools and on scholarships. Carnegie Lake was so beautiful that I decided to try out for freshman 150lb crew, although I knew nothing about the sport. The first boat of eight oarsmen that went off to race other college crews was largely composed of people who had been rowing for prep schools for several years and whose fathers and grandfathers had previously rowed for Princeton.

I made the early spring cut and got into the second boat (2nd Frosh) which was sent out a couple of times to race against prep school crews. We were, of course, well under the 150lb limit and had only been rowing for a few months, while the prep school crews outweighed us by many kilos and had been rowing for years. We always lost.

In April 1954, eight 2nd Frosh oarsmen, one coxswain, and our graduate school student/assistant coach got into a University van with eight orange and black-bladed sweep oars (11' long) strapped to its roof and drove to the Corinthian Boat Club on the Potomac River at the foot of the Georgetown section of Washington, DC, to participate in a regatta of several races among local prep schools. The boat club was loaning us a shell and was putting us up for the night in the boat club before the race. A major hurricane, however, came up the East Coast the day we drove down. As a result, our coxswain, Les Blatt, was not treated to the traditional motorboat tour of the course but was only shown a blueprint of the course layout.

When dawn broke the following morning we got up off the exercise mats we had used for mattresses during the night, shared some donuts and juice our coach brought in (he had slept quite comfortably in his parents' house in Georgetown), and got into our racing jerseys and crew shorts for the race. The hurricane had largely abated but the Potomac was close to flood stage, and uprooted trees and other debris were coming downstream in amongst the whitecaps and were being stopped by a very large Army Corps of Engineers ship that was working just upstream of the course. The course consisted of two lanes that began with a line of dinghies anchored at the starting line, passed though several sets of buoys and ended 1 1/2 miles downriver (the traditional Henley distance,

Fifteen Minutes of Fame

By Jacques Read
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

set by a straight section of the Thames).

At the suggestion of the various coaches, after we had launched into the river and headed upstream, our bow pair (oars one and two) kept their blades unfeathered and smashed down the whitecaps so the following six oars had relatively flat water for their blades. An eight-oared shell is 61' long but only 24" wide at its broadest (the five position) and the oar locks are at the ends of tubular metal outriggers. In a race, the shell will usually be lifted entirely out of the water during a power stroke, with only a little 10" brass skeg, the oar blades, and the rudder in the water. In short, a shell is not the ideal vessel for rough water. The borrowed shell we were using had Shrimp Boat painted on its bows from a hit song of the early '50s.

We had to stay to the north side of the course to avoid interfering with the earlier races coming down the river and Les Blatt, crafty coxswain that he was, saw a short cut where the water was comparatively calm. Unfortunately the Three Sisters Islands, which had been shown to Les the night before on the blueprint, were beneath that calmer water, and by less than the 10" depth of the skeg. The shell was not a 21st century fiberglass affair but was just ash ribs covered with 1/8" wood veneer. We stopped abruptly, with thousands of little shreds of wood flying off in all directions.

The cox took command to assure that everybody had unlaced their feet (crews launch the shells in stocking feet and then either lace or buckle each foot into shoes fastened to little platforms attached to the keel) so that nobody was likely to go down with the ship. He began polling the crew as to who was a good swimmer when the current swept us off the submerged rock and started turning the bow downstream. It became immediately apparent that the oars were buoyant enough to keep us from sinking, combined with the still intact forward compartment.


As we drifted downstream, a procedure for abandoning ship was roughed out. At this point the huge Army Corps of Engineers ship descended upon us and got across the current above us to give us enough lee that waves were no longer sloshing over us. The cox

gave a countdown and we each hit the release lever on our oarlock in unison. We each grabbed our oar to keep it from floating away and then climbed up a ladder on the side of the Corps ship.

The next morning, back at Princeton, I ran into town to buy a copy of the Sunday *New York Times*. I feverishly scanned each headline in the sports section to see how badly treated we would be and, finding no article about the regatta, breathed a sigh of relief. But then, on closing the section, I noticed this strange photograph of nine heads bobbing in a row in a body of water that covered a significant fraction of the front page above the fold. It turned out a reporter for the now-defunct *Washington Star* was aboard the Corps ship and he had brought along his camera.

For the remainder of my rowing career every boathouse we visited during away races always had a copy of that picture posted as a cautionary tale for what could happen if a crew really, really messed up. The only thing limiting the embarrassment and notoriety was the fact that Oprah hadn't been born yet. And later that year the *Washington Star* reporter sent each of us an envelope containing two glossy 8"x10" photographs, one the picture itself and the other showing the reporter receiving the "Sports Picture of the Year" award from President Eisenhower. We were only 18 and we had already squandered our promised 15 minutes of fame.

Many years later my wife had the two photographs professionally framed as a birthday gift. They now hang in our spare bathroom opposite the toilet.



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International Scene

The Australian Prime Minister would not comment, although he said he had his personal view, on allegations that the North Korean government was engaged in smuggling heroin into Australia. The North Korean-flagged freighter *Pong Su* was arrested in 2003 after a four-day chase. Some 250kg (more than a quarter ton) of heroin was found on board. Four of its crew were found guilty while four officers, including the ship's political officer, were found innocent. The guilty ship itself will probably be sunk at sea.

The European Union will issue a "green paper" defining what it would like its role to be with international maritime organizations such as the UN's International Maritime Organization.

India is extending its eyes and ears to a monitoring station on Madagascar where it can keep watch on piracy (especially in Somalia) and terrorism. More than 89% of India's oil is brought in by tankers and most of its trade is by sea so control of the nation's sea lines of communication (SLOC) are vital. Look for more monitoring stations as India watches its SLOCs from East Africa to the western shores of Australia. Put another way, India needs a forward naval presence in the waters from the Strait of Hormuz to the Strait of Malacca.

Hard Knocks and Skinny Places

Groundings were prevalent last month: In Russian waters, the cargo ship *Ibrahim-R* went high and dry near the city of Karbarinka. The Panamanian *Hengda I* struck a reef in bad weather off Fujian Province in China and two survived while 31 were missing. The small Panamanian chemical tanker *Yeosu Pioneer* ran aground in Tokyo Bay. No spill, no injuries. The Dominican flagged cement carrier *Grenland* ran aground at the entrance to the Spanish port of Aviles. No injuries but some flooding. On the Rhine the tanker *Eiltank* had steering failure and drifted into the bank from which the Dutch tugs *En Avant* and *En Avant II* later pulled it free. Near Novorossiisk the Maltese-flagged *Barcelona* and the Cambodian-flagged *Ibragim-R* were blown from the anchorage towards (and possibly onto, Russian news accounts were not clear) the shore. In Argentina the tanker *High Rider* grounded when the ship failed to respond to a pilot's order due to strong currents and shallow water but it soon floated free after ballast was pumped aft.

Ice played a role here and there: In Alaska ice floes carried the tanker *Seabulk Pride* away from its berth at a Kenai Peninsula refinery and drove it ashore some 200 yards away. Minor damage to the hull bottom. In the Sea of Azov, the twice-trapped cargo ship *Katya Z.* finally escaped the icy clutches and reached port at Bourgas. Finally, while following an icebreaker in the Gulf of Finland, the Dominican-flagged *Runner 4* stopped because the channel had collapsed but the Maltese-owned *Svayaloi Apostol Andrey* kept on coming. It penetrated into the engine room of the *Runner*, which sank. The icebreaker rescued its crew.

Narrow places claimed victims: The passenger ro/ro *Cleopatra S* grounded in the Suez Canal at Km64 in thick fog. It was quickly towed free by Canal tugs. The bulk-carrier *Alexandroupolis* had rudder trouble at Km107 in the Suez Canal and was towed

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh War

away by the same tugs. The Liberian flagged tanker *Grigorioussa I* hit the bank of the Suez Canal and spilled 3,000 tonnes of its 58,000-tonne cargo of heavy oil. The slick extended some 20km but Canal officials said the spill would be easier to clean up than if it had been in the open sea. In the Bosphorus the Aframax tanker *Genmar Star* lost steering and nearly hit the waterside Ottoman-era Dolmabahce Palace.

Lifeboats claimed victims again: In Seattle a lifeboat from the container ship *OOCL Britain* capsized during a safety drill and four ended in up in the water for 20 minutes. One died, two were injured enough to be taken to a hospital. And on the Corsican ferry *Mega Express*, two crewmen were doing maintenance work inside a lifeboat when it suddenly dropped into the sea. Hampered by strong wind and high seas, the fast ferry turned back to search. One man had been killed and the other suffered multiple fractures.

Containers went overboard right and left due to winter weather: The *Cote D'Ivoire Star* lost six at lat 48N, long 5W, the *CMA CGM Otello* lost 50 containers in the Bay of Biscay while another 30 were damaged. The *CMA CGM Verdi* arrived in Southampton with 50 containers collapsed or hanging over the side and 77 somewhere in the Bay of Biscay, and the *P&O Nedlloyd Mondrian* lost containers on two occasions, 58 off Holland and 50 in the Bay of Biscay. Industry estimates state that about 2,500 containers are lost each year out of about 15 million TEU shipped, or a loss rate of 0.006%.

Other accidents: The Maltese-registered container ship *Teklifvka* sank off Egypt. Twelve saved, three missing. The LPG tanker *Norras Traveller* hit the north gate of the Brunsbützel lock on the Kiel Canal. No resulting "boom" and the lock continued to work. A "small" (a company-supplied adjective) fire on the North Sea platform Rough Alpha sent aloft clouds of thick smoke and caused more than 30 "non-essential" workers to be heli-evacuated from the U.K.'s largest offshore gas storage facility. In the East China Sea, the Korean ship *Chunyeon* sank during a storm and all 16 in the crew were saved. The bow flare of the container ship *Zim Mexico III* clipped a 196' container crane at Mobile, Alabama, and toppled it over backwards. One man was killed. And in the Philippines, the rice-carrying *Premship* sank after colliding with the *Mijara II* off Consolacion, Cebu.

The container ship *APL Panama* finally came off the beach at Ensenada, Mexico, after two months of salvage efforts involving removal of most of its containers, repeated pulls by six powerful tugs brought south from the U.S., plus two local tugs, then the tugs plus a barge with eight powerful hydraulic pullers. Next came a large pipe to roll up sand built up alongside the ship (the pipe broke in the surf), followed by 200 small holes drilled in the ship's hull through which compressed air was forced out, and finally and successfully a shallow-water dredger that dug a channel and the tugs pulling again. Thanks to the stranding, the local Toyota assembly plant failed to get necessary parts "just in time."

Gray Fleets

The Royal Navy wants a series of berths around the nation where a nuclear submarine could pick up emergency supplies and the like but some local communities don't care much for the idea now that the Cold War is over.

The Clyde-based mine hunter *HMS Grimsby* struck the wall of a fjord 80 miles north of Bergen in Norway while training with the Royal Marines. Some damage (a freshwater tank burst, flooding part of the warship) but no injuries. Look for a change of commanding officer.

The commander of Nigeria's joint task force was removed from his post on suspicion of involvement in stealing crude oil. About 100,000 barrels a day disappears into a highly organized network of oil thieves and ends up in tankers headed towards refineries worldwide. Much of the proceeds go to support private militias. Interestingly, the general was in charge of suppressing militants who are holding two Americans as hostages.

Nigeria hopes to add eight more warships to help curtail piracy and oil thieves. They would be two ex-German fast patrol boats, ex-British Castle-class patrol vessels, and a medium-size logistics support vessel.

India will equip the last three of the six Scorpene-class subs it is building with air-independent propulsion systems that will allow them to operated underwater for several weeks without surfacing.

Off India's Visakhapatnam coast three sailors were killed and 19 injured (one died later) when one box exploded while dumping expired missiles off the large landing craft *INS Magar*. And the commander of the Russian-built Indian missile frigate *INS Trishul* lost his command as a result of a freak collision last December with the merchant vessel *Ambujja Lakshmi*. He was reported to have admitted committing "a professional error."

Pakistan commissioned the locally built fast attack missile boats *Quwwat* and *Jurrat*.

The U.S. Navy seeks closer ties to naval forces in the Asia Pacific area to combat maritime threats as China increases production of attack submarines. By 2025, they will outnumber U.S. subs by five to one in the Pacific and Chinese nuclear ballistic missile subs will be patrolling off America, according to some estimates. U.S. commanders have yet to show that they take the threat seriously but the Pentagon is moving forces westward. By 2010, 60% of U.S. subs will be based in the west, ditto for most of its F-22 squadrons, and a carrier or two may be based at Hawaii or Guam. But not everyone likes the moves. The southern Japanese city of Iwakuni voted 43,433 to 5,369 against having the U.S. Navy air wing from the carrier *USS Kitty Hawk* stationed in the city.

In view of the growing threat by Chinese submarines, Taiwan wants eight U.S.-built diesel submarines and the administration wants Taiwan to have them. But the Navy's "nuclear submarine mafia," well-trained and conditioned by Admiral Rickover and his successors, is dead set against letting any American builder build a diesel-powered submarine. Recent reports have suggested that the mafia inflated the price of the Taiwanese subs to \$12 billion whereas General Dynamics/Electric Boat could build them for no more than two-thirds of that amount. And the U.S. Navy insists on building only one nuclear submarine each year for the next few years even though the shipbuild-

ing industry is hurting and the fleet may have fewer than the 48 subs deemed necessary by the Pentagon's recent Quadrennial Defense Review. The Navy says it can tolerate the operational risks.

Peru's cruiser *Almirante Grau*, built in 1953 as the Dutch Navy's *De Ruyter*, is the world's last operational gun cruiser and carries the largest naval guns currently in service.

White Fleets

Cunard's third big cruise liner, the 90,000gt *Queen Victoria*, won't be delivered until next year but its maiden voyage, a ten-day voyage of northern European ports, is already sold out. Unlike the *Queen Mary 2*, the *Queen Victoria* will have only one funnel. That's a trick statement, the *QM2* has a regular funnel plus two vertical "stovepipes" back aft.

Royal Caribbean has ordered a 5,400-passenger ship but rival Carnival said it will wait to judge public acceptance of ships carrying more than 3,600-4,000 guests.

Celebrity ordered two more of its giant Solstice-class cruise ships, each 118,000-gross-ton luxury ship carrying only 2,850 passengers.

While Congress investigated cruise ship crime (28 people disappeared of whom five were later found, 177 reports of sexual misconduct, and 14 robberies of amounts over \$5,000 in a three-year period when about 25 million people embarked at North American ports for cruises), a crewman disappeared from the Amsterdam off the Hawaiian island of Hilo and the media frenzied over the story of a 15-year-old Irish girl who was served with more than ten drinks on the *Costa Magica* and then fell overboard and drowned while en route to Cozumel.

The *Grand Princess* swung sharply around and headed back to Galveston, Texas, when a passenger had a heart attack. The ship heeled so excessively that some passengers thought it would flip. Captain Nicholas Carlton has promised not to repeat the violent maneuvers.

They That Go Back and Forth

In Bangladesh near Barisal, a ferry carrying about 100 pilgrims sank and many went missing. And the recently renovated Kalurghat Bridge is being imperiled by overweight vehicles since a nearby ferry for heavy trucking has not run for months.

At Auckland, New Zealand, the ferry *Kea* suffered an electrical failure and plowed into the ferry *Starflyte*. The aluminum hull of the latter vessel suffered a rip or two. Farther south, the trans-Cook Strait ferry *Aratere* limped into Picton some five hours late after encountering 125km winds and 12m seas. Several people were injured and railway cars, autos, and trucks were toppled. The same storm tore apart the ex-NZ frigate *Wellington*, thin-skinned but supposedly well-protected underwater.

At Southampton, U.K., the Red Funnel ferry *Red Falcon* plowed into its landing stage, trapping some people on board including a woman in an ambulance. Both ferry and landing stage suffered serious damage.

A fire on the Philippine ferry *Superferry 12* that gutted six cabins was reportedly started by someone throwing a lighted cigarette into a trash bin. None of the 639 passengers and 145 crew were injured.

Greece had a nationwide seamen's strike so the government ordered the mobi-

lization of nine ships and ferries that serve the islands of Crete, Naxos, and Paros.

Eleven passengers on a Japanese fast ferry were injured when the vessel struck a whale off Tsushima Island. It was the ferry's second such crash in a month.

In Oregon, sediment carried downstream by recent rains grounded the Wheatland Ferry which carries more than 600 vehicles a day. Dredging will be required.

Nasties

Nine fast boats loaded with pirates tried to board a chemical tanker in the Gulf of Aden but failed.

Robbers tried to get on a bulk carrier at anchor off the Ivory Coast and eight were caught inside the rudder trunking.

Nature

Stolt-Nielsen Transportation Group is buying three single-hulled tankers and is having them converted into double-hulls to comply with Marpol (MARine POLLution) Annex II regulations taking effect next January. Such conversions are common on U.S. single-hulled tank barges and a few tankers but relatively rare among foreign-owned tankers. Besides conversions are cheaper than building new tankers that comply.

Oil spilled from Chinese or BP Indonesia oil rigs or by passing tankers has been despoiling the Java Sea's Kepulauan Seribu National Parks and northwest and north winds made matters worse.

Washington State Department of Ecology lit into the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers for spilling 50 gallons of hydraulic oil from a dredge on the Columbia River last October and then taking too long to report the spill.

On the Great Lakes, U.S. and Canadian ports and shipping companies formed a "Green Marine" coalition to promote the benefits of making the industry more enviro-friendly.

In New Zealand a large fish farm with more than a million salmon in it broke free and drifted into the Tory Channel, closing it for three hours until the farm could be towed aside.

Rotterdam became the first European port to require approaching ships to shift to "portworthy" fuel (lighter fuels producing less pollution) before entering the port's 12-mile zone.

In the U.S. middle a sizable snow pack in the mountains of the Dakotas and Montana promised adequate water for barging on the Missouri River this summer, but the prolonged drought cancelled a water release in March. On the Mississippi the ice broke up on the Upper River about on schedule and barges resumed moving.

Families of victims of the sinking of the Egyptian ferry *Al-Salaam Boccaccio 98* will receive the equivalent of US\$6,136 each from the government (which has no obligation to pay anything) while survivors will get US\$3,158 each and the ferry operator said it will pay US\$26,170 to each victim's family and US\$2,167 to each survivor.

Ports

The fan became overloaded when it was announced that Dubai Ports World (DP World) would take over operation of six of the U.S.'s biggest ports. Xenophobia threats from any Arab in general, maybe terrorists in particular, and all sorts of other security risks were fantastically envisioned because few, much less any politician, understood what a

port-operation company does. It operates some of a port's terminals, basically controlling container movements by hiring longshoremen, truckers, and tugs. In the U.S. the Coast Guard has responsibility for port security and the Customs Service worries about what's inside those containers.

If DP World, the world's number three port-operation company, isn't good enough, why not use the number two firm. It is Singapore-based. Or the number one firm? That is based in Hong Kong, which is part of China. And Inchcape Shipping Services, another Dubai-based company, operates in more than 12 U.S. ports and also provides services to the U.S. Navy in Southwest Asia. Eighty percent of U.S. ports have a foreign ports operator somewhere at work in each port and the U.S.'s SSA Marine operates some 100-odd ports worldwide. We live in an international world.

West Coast ports are experiencing annual double-digit growth in containers handled and 8,000TEU container ships have started arriving so U.S. ports need to improve or they will be overloaded by 2010, said one expert. U.S. ports now handle fewer containers (2,000 TEU per acre on the East Coast, and 5,000 TEU per acre on the West Coast) than Asian and European ports (as much as 10,000 TEU per acre). The average U.S. container crane makes 25 container moves per hour as opposed to 35 and more that is commonly achieved in Asia and Europe. The U.S. has tweaked its infrastructure (ports, highways, and railroads) about as far as possible and further gains will be hard to achieve, while lack of waterfront land will hamper attempts to grow. New ports in Canada and Mexico and at smaller ports (such as a planned megaport on the Savannah River) may help.

Although China's port efficiency is suffering from slower expansion of road and rail links and from custom bureaucracy, matters could improve so drastically that there will be over-capacity within three years. And a 15-year plan calls for more highways and more rail mileage than in the U.S.

Odd Bits

Her Majesty's ice patrol vessel *HMS Endurance* needed some quick repairs to one of its rudders and went to Argentina for the work, much to the dismay and displeasure of Falkland Islanders. They still remember that the recent unpleasantness between the U.K. and Argentina started because Argentina's military junta misread the tea leaves when it was announced that the earlier *HMS Endurance* would be scrapped.

Head-Shakers

A woman on the P&O ferry *Pride of Calais* thought she saw two heads in the sea and fellow passengers threw life rings overboard but a massive search by four cross-Channel ferries, two lifeboats, a Coast Guard cutter, and a helicopter found nothing while a headcount showed nobody was missing. The lady passenger had seen two seals.

In Ohio they are replacing the old West 3rd Street lift bridge. A new \$18 million span was built downstream besides Cleveland's Cuyahoga River. The replacement was barged upstream and fitted in place. Problems then arose: the 64 new lift cables were about 4' too short, the old counterweights were now too light, and the two 64-year-old towers were bowing inwards.

My current boat is a fiberglass sailboat that someone here in the Puget Sound (aka the Salish Sea, or the Whulge, in First Nation parlance) built about 20 years ago. The story (unverified as yet) is that someone designed it, built a plug and mold, and produced as many as ten hulls. The rigging is a simple 7/8 Bermuda-type with roller reefing on the jib (good thing, too, because that bow is narrow and way out there). It has flotation tanks built into the bow (most of it, in fact), under the side decks, and under the floor. Lateral resistance is provided by what could be considered a daggerboard, but is probably better described as a ballasted removable fin keel which weighs some 75lbs due to lead shot in the bottom. It is about 18' long, 4½' wide, has a 24' mast, and displaces about 550lbs (including the removable fin keel). It goes well in the light summer winds of the Salish Sea.

My 14-year-old son and his two best friends (sailing nuts all, used to driving El Toros, Lasers, and Club 420s) took it out in a fresh breeze and had some pretty fast sailing and heeling, enough to make me, watching from the dock, glad to know they had experience with capsizing, and to think on some warm day this spring we should capsize the boat close to shore on a falling tide to get some notion about how it would be swamped in less than ideal circumstances. I had also wondered how long it would be before they

Interesting Times

By Matt Meacham



asked for hiking straps, and that was indeed their second comment on returning to the dock (their first was, "that thing's fun"). The third comment was that we should remove the cam cleat from the main sheet so that puffs don't overpower the boat so quickly.

I regret not having pictures of it under sail or in the water, on those occasions I have either forgotten the camera or been in the boat with the camera, too busy sailing it to think about taking pictures. BTW, my wife and 9-year-old son decided we should call

the boat *Max*, after the little red boat in Maurice Sendaks' *Where The Wild Things Are*, not exactly *Swallows & Amazons* (which I have not read), but I will take what I can get for our cultural connections.

My older son started sailing with his friends five or six years ago when they were eight or nine in a sailing summer camp sponsored by the Tacoma Yacht Club. One of the things they liked about being out on the boats was having some independence and control over their lives, being able to go here or there at will, in a way they cannot do with either bicycles (nor cars, of course, at their ages).

They have continued to sail and mess about with boats, one has graduated to a Laser which he sails competitively, the other two are considering campaigning an old Club 420 despite knowing they'll not be competitive due to the boat's age and condition. But it is what they can afford for this summer, and they would rather be out sailing than not.

I have a younger son, too, who at nine years old is not very interested in sailboats, but wants his own touring kayak. He was out in a double kayak with his mom two summers ago and loved it. He loves fishing from our 12' aluminum skiff (no matter whether powered by a 4hp outboard, electric trolling motor, or oars). But having a 9-year-old out on the water means one of his parents being out there, too, to his Mom's and my way of thinking. So what do we do? He is big enough at nearly 5' tall and 100lbs to be able

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to have his own boat instead of being in a double with one of us. And he could grow into a smaller kayak over the next few years.

But getting two boats implies double the money. He really likes the Pygmy Boat kayaks and the CLC kayaks, too, and we see a lot of those wooden kayaks around here. So we could build one (or two) probably for less than we could buy for similar quality. But that adds another step to the process. Not sure what we will do yet, but I know I want to honor his desire to engage his environment this way.

I have other boat plans in the works, including CLC's Sailrig that I intended to adapt to the Eddon Gig but with a bigger sail (small trimaran, yes?). I also have plans for Bolger's Birdwatcher 2 that I intended to build this winter past but found myself doing significant home remodeling instead.

Maybe next year. And maybe that CLC sail rig could apply to my younger son's situation, myself in sail rigged kayak, him in a conventional one. Oh, not to complicate things, but we both really like the Hobie Mirage drive kayaks too. Too many options or decisions? We live in interesting times...°



Foreground: 12' Eddon Gig (fiberglass Whitehall type) by Eddon Boat, Gig Harbor. Background: *Max* (designer and builder not yet known).

Aidan on shore. Keegan in El Toro by Smiths Boat Shop, Samish Island Washington. Riley in Gig by Eddon Boat, Gig Harbor Washington, with Gig Harbor Boatworks rig intended for their 10' boat. The Gig came to us as a hull only. Hartstine Island, South Puget Sound, August 2005.



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New CLC Hybrid Kayak Kits

Chesapeake Light Craft (CLC) is pleased to announce a new line of kayak kits, the Shearwater Hybrids, offering builders the speedy assembly and great handling of a West Greenland style plywood hull with the elegance and individuality of a strip-planked deck.

Cedar-strip kayakers are admired for their beauty and functionality, but kayaks made entirely of cedar strips require a strongback and special molds, translating into a lot of skilled labor and time. On the Hybrid, the plywood hull forms the strongback for constructing the strip-planked deck so assembly time is a fraction of an all-strip hull.

CLC's Shearwater Hybrid kits ship with a mixture of dark and medium color cedar strips plus white pine strips for light accents. The strips have been milled at the factory with bead and cove joints so that one slides into the next for perfect joinery. While CLC offers suggested deck patterns, individual builders can develop their own unique strip deck designs as they assemble their kit. Builders can let their creativity run wild, anything from the sublime to the ridiculous is possible with these Hybrid decks.

The Shearwater Hybrid's hull is British Standard 1088 okoume marine plywood, which is beautiful under varnish and extremely lightweight, contributing to the Shearwater Hybrid's sub-45lb weight.

On the water the Shearwater kayak demonstrates excellent poise and responsiveness in a broad range of conditions, edging turns easily when leaned but tracking straight when pushed hard in surfing conditions. The narrow beam and low profile translates into fewer corrective strokes and more paddling energy spent on covering ground. The speed and relatively narrow beam means the Shearwaters are not beginner paddling boats, but athletic paddlers or paddlers with intermediate skills will find them an excellent fit, not to mention that a Shearwater Hybrid will be the prettiest boat at the beach.

Shearwater Hybrids are available in 14.5' 16' and 17' sizes. For more information on Shearwater Hybrid kayaks or Chesapeake Light Craft, visit www.clcboats.com or call John Harris at (410) 2670137.

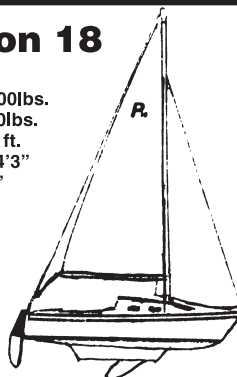


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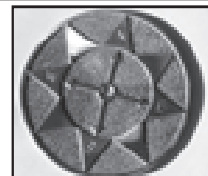
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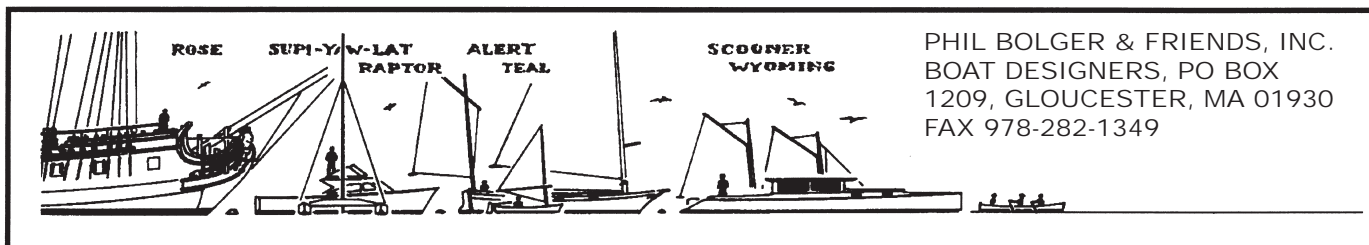
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Continuing what I had to say about the Otter II design in the last issue: The boats turned out quite pretty and they were good sailers; one did well in menagerie racing, no doubt partly because she looked innocent to the handicappers. But the hoodoo continued. The owner/builder of one of the first ones did his first sailing trial on a squally day and capsized her. She went up on her beam ends, at which point the buoyancy of the watertight cuddy was supposed to float her, but with two people aft she went down by the stern until a corner of the cuddy hatch was immersed, the cuddy flooded, and they had to be ignominiously rescued. Fortunately there was help at hand. I heard of a similar incident with another one in Australia. In both these cases the buoyancy foam in the stern had been omitted, but it did not endear the design to me.

However, they were pretty boats in a way that appealed to quite a few people and were light enough to be workable trailer boats. A while back we had occasion to look at it carefully and discuss what could be done with it, what should have been done in the first place. The drawings here are sketches of what we came up with. They're not working drawings, which we can't make time to do properly for the foreseeable future.

The first thing noticed was the too-low height in the cuddy, in which as designed there was not height enough to sit against the sides. So make the sides higher. That put weight on deck for anyone going forward too high and precarious, so extend the watertight volume one frame bay forward and make the hatch full length. The sketch shows how one can walk forward waist deep in the boat, to deal with making sail and reefing.

Bolger on Design

Otter II

Design #375

Part II of II

20'9"x 5'10"x14"x239sf

Raise the cockpit benches to allow a better view ahead, also adding safety buoyancy. Raise the sides aft to give some back support. Fill in the sides along the cockpit with foam. These added heights and volumes help a lot on the down-by-the-stern hazard in a knockdown. To make her a bit stiffer we'll want some ballast, some of it in the form of a battery or two for lights. With this and the added height of sides she'll float deeper, but one thing that was right about the design was plenty of rocker so she can stand it without bogging down.

The revised design has more volume from added height all along, but it's practically the same overall dimensions since the new raised deck will have vertical sides rather than being an extension of the flaring hull sides. She's a few inches longer where the raking ends carry higher. Storage length can still be under 20' if the little billet head is made removable.

Replace the flat spinnaker with a balanced club jib. Step the mast in a tabernacle on the outside of the forward cuddy bulkhead and hinge the heel of the bowsprit to the mast, to stow neatly on top of the lowered

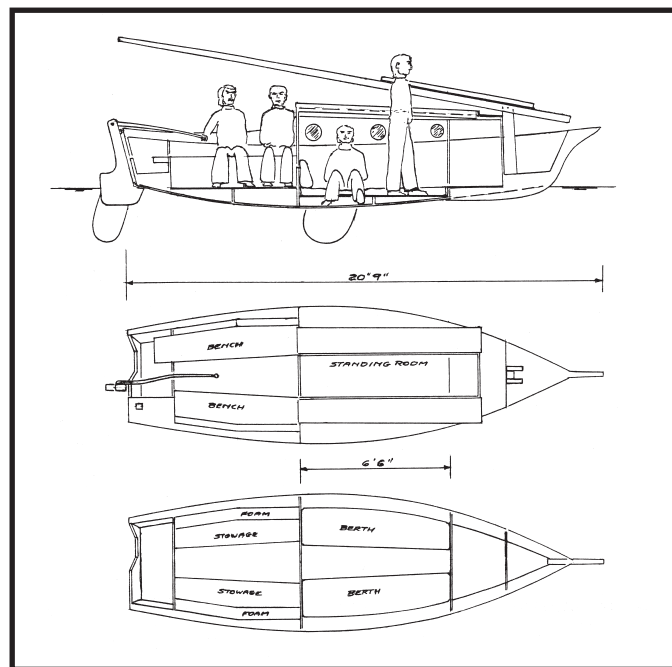
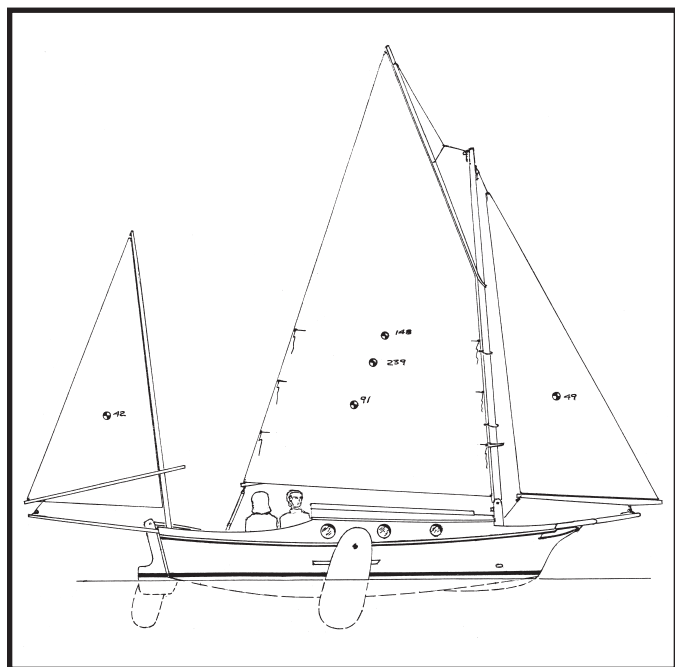
mast as shown on the new drawing. The high tabernacle allows the 20' mast to be retained while carrying the sail high enough to see under its foot from the higher cockpit seats. The high-peaked gaff mainsail still looks good, as does the off-center leg o'mutton mizzen with its sprit boom. We lengthen the mizzen's boomkin so the sheet won't wrap around it in tacking (you might think the sheet trending inboard to the shorter boomkin would swing clear, but for some reason it doesn't).

The swinging-blade rudder seems to need no change. Kinking the tiller to bring its grip over to centerline seems an improvement.

The Dutch-style leeboard mounts have a good history in many boats, but the way we do it now, with the boards held against all-around bearings and a central pivot bolt, eliminates kiting of the boards. The weather-side board is then effective lateral plane and the boards don't travel aft so much as they're raised; that is, the boat can sail and balance in shallower water.


That's it for the time being by way of exorcising the demon that has haunted this design. She now looks to us to be a workable overnighter for a couple, or even for a third hand since one of the cockpit benches can be extended aft to sleeping length. And she still looks quite nice, the new proportions seem to work.

Plans of Otter II, the original ones plus these sketches, are available for \$150 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930. We cannot do any more about it at present, so builders are on their own in fleshing out the alterations.



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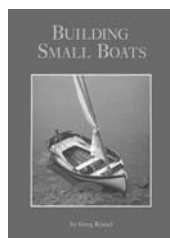
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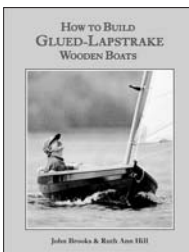
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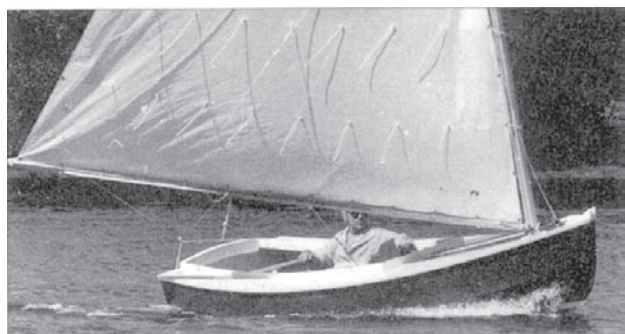


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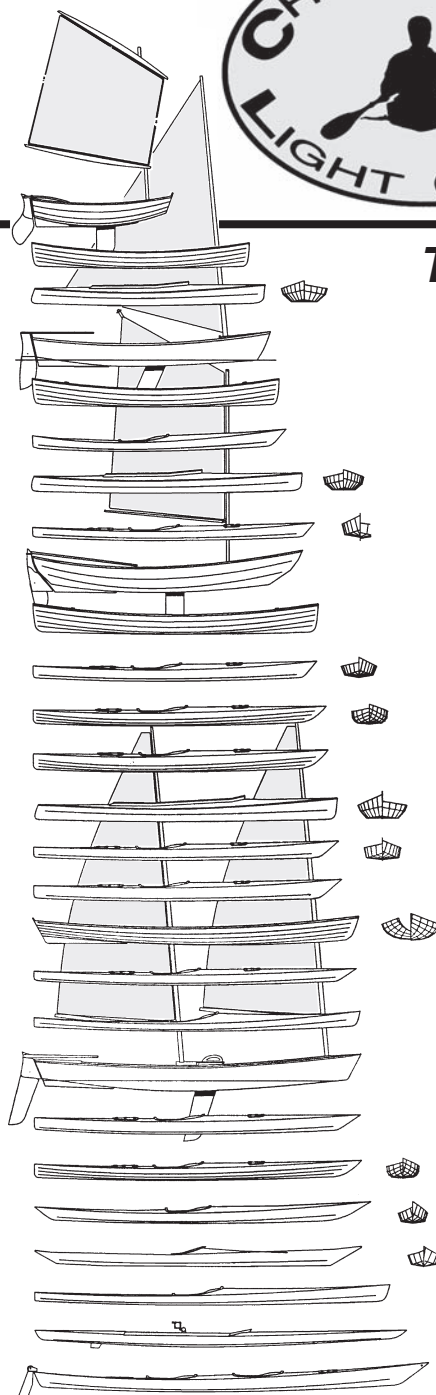
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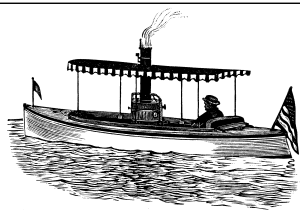
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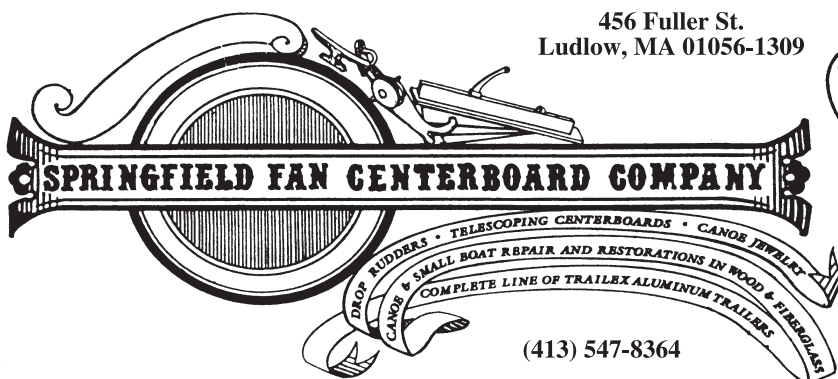
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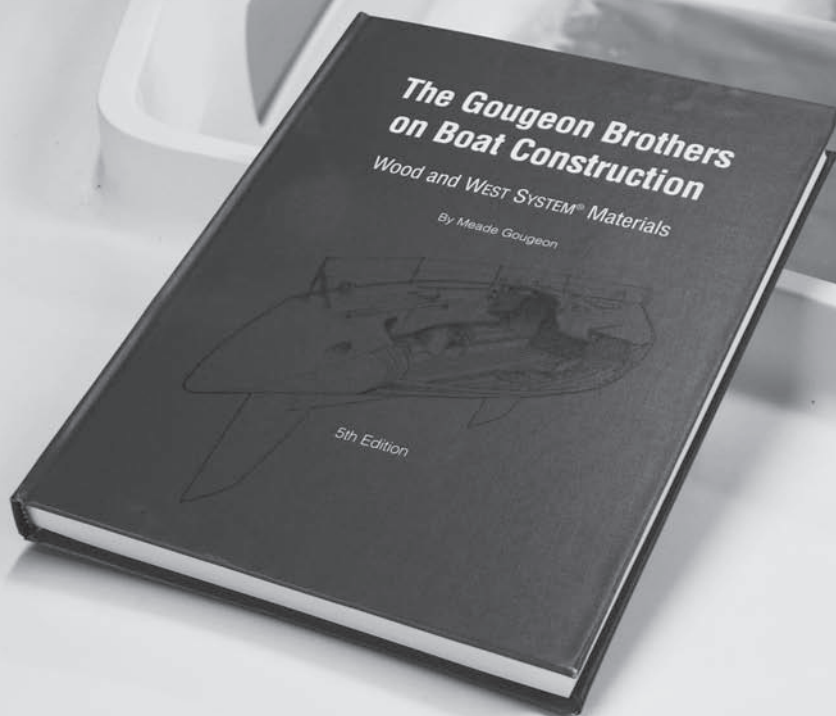
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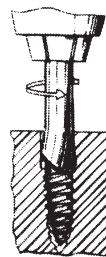
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5' Salisbury Pt. Skiff, built by Lowell's Boat Shop, sailing rig, oars, trailer, cover, life jackets. \$4,999. DUNCAN REID, Somers, CT, 860 749-7524 (H), 860 593-9368 (C), 401 275-3000 xt 1914 (W), duncan.reid@aol.com (H), duncan.reid@fmglob.al.com (W) (4)

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A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to officesupport@comcast.net. No telephone ads please.



25' Albin Marine Motor Cruiser, fg made in Sweden '76, w/36hp Volvo Diesel engine. Total time on engine is 500hrs. Canvas convertible top, slps 3. Galv Load-Rite trlr. Sold as is for \$8,000. Offers accepted. DAN LINDROOTH, Huntingdon Valley, PA, (215) 947-9731, elindrooth@comcast.net (4)

12.5' Swampscott Dory Skiff, built '09 by Samuel Vaughan in Marblehead, MA. New thwarts, breast hook & other parts replaced in 1976. Later fg. Not designed for outboard due to raked transom but a 1hp can be adapted. Rows well but vy heavy due to fg. Oars & oarlocks incl. Rot in rub rail but only outside the fg. Nice model suitable for use as a male mold. Located in Springfield, VA. \$300. DICK HAMLY, Springfield, VA, dickhamly@aol.com (4)



20'x 5' Steamboat, Rose class. green fg hull, white ash trim & seats, vertical firetube boiler w/85 copper tubes, coal & wood grate, ash lagging & copper stack, 2 x 2 engine w/Stephenson link reverse & eccentric driven feed pump, hand pump & steam injector, copper feed water heater & hotwell w/floatvalve, bronze shaft & prop, bilge pump, 2 steering wheel positions, matching green umbrella canopy, galv Shoreline trlr. Runs well & is ready to show or go. Asking \$13,900. CHARLES L. BAIMA, 14 Kelley Rd., Wilmington, Ma 01887, (978)658-3526, c.baima@verizon.net (4)

Maine Peapod, Matinicus double ender custom built by Ducktrap Woodworking '79. Traditional clinker construction using mahogany planks over oak frames. Loose footed sprit sail w/steam bent oak mast hoops. Mast shaped from a single sapling. Features unique transom which begins above the waterline to accommodate a small ob. Visit builder's website at www.ducktrap.com/2002mde.html <<http://www.ducktrap.com/2002mde.html>> Length 14', beam 4'8", depth amidship 1'7". Approx weight 220lbs. Price incl 1pr 8' spoon oars w/leathers & bronze rowlocks. A classic boat which has undergone a recent refurbishing & is ready to go in the water. Contact seller for photos by email. Located in the Mystic CT area. \$2,900 obo. BILL ARMITAGE, Ledyard, CT, (860) 912-0807, bill-armitage@comcast.net (4)

15' Mad River (Pakboat), top of the line folding canoe. Little use, vy gd cond. Extra set of aluminum ribs to change hull shape. Shipping weight about 55lbs. \$500. MORT CAPLAN, Tucson AZ, (520) 742-6164, mortoncaplan@msn.com (4)

'46 Old Town Square Stern OB Motorboat, 16' long x 44" beam, AA (highest) grade w/mahogany thwarts, rails & 48" deck. Compl restored. An affordable entry into the antique-classic boat scene. \$3,500. DAVID JACKSON, Fairfield, CT, (203) 414-0937 (4)

14'6" Solo Willow Wisp Canoe, wood & canvas built '00 by Island Falls Canoe. Cost \$2,550 new. Vy little use, in exc cond, always stored under cover. Tracks well, 32" beam, great boat for ponds & lakes. Green w/shellac bottom & special removable padded carrying yoke. Price \$1,800 firm. Can be seen in Lovell, ME after 6/1. KEVIN HARDING, Sedona, AZ, (207) 925-1205 after 6/1, leave message (4)



30' Custom Bolger Design, unique lifting wing keel, prototype for I-60 keel. 385sf balanced lug rig. 2mains and storm sail all in vy gd/exc shape. Full foam flotation. LED running & interior lights. Spartan boat but all the basic equipment is there: VHF, GPS, flare gun, fire extinguisher, swing stove, life vest, cushions, etc. Solar panel to charge battery. '85 7.5hp Mercury long shaft designed for sailboats w/electric start. 2 narrow single berths. Nds minor work, but saleable. Tack & tape construction, like an enlarged Gypsy. Located in N. FL. \$6,000. GARY BLANKENSHIP, Tallahassee, FL, <gbship@comcast.net> (4)



"Madame Tirza" Classic Catboat, Charles Witholtz design, fg over marine plywood, completed in '96 by Bill Simonsen and owned by 1 family. 19'6" LWL, 9'6" beam, 135sf sail, gaff rigged, 3 rows of reef points, incl jiffy reefing. Sail is newly cleaned in perfect cond w/sail cover, also winter cover. Yanmar IB engine, 1-cylinder Diesel, torques out at 11hp at the prop, faithfully maintained & serviced & in exc cond. Skeg keel draws only 26", no cb, no leaks. Huge, roomy cabin & cockpit w/storage closet & drawers, inside lighting, fitted cushions on 2 bunks. Varnished wooden boat hook & varnished rigging blocks. 800lbs of inside ballast on the keel & approximately 200lbs of ballast neatly applied to the bottom of the keel. Boat is a fast sailer. New owner needs to do some cosmetic work. Asking \$9,500. Located in Toms River, NJ.
BARRY LEVINE, Toms River, NJ, (732) 270-5210. (5)

Boston Whaler Harpoon 5.2, 17'x7' day sailer. Main & jib, Harken blocks, mahogany seats/trim. 3hp Johnson ob, tilt trlr w/new wheels & lights. Gd to exc cond. Asking \$3,900. Near Liberty, NY.
JOE POND, Grahamsville, NY, (845) 985-2323, (845) 985-2620 (4)



24' Tylercraft, '75 twin keel sloop. Hull in exc cond, as are the 3 sails (main, genoa, jib.) Compl w/4hp British Seagull ob that sits in well. Water tank & sink w/pump. Dinette converts to double berth. V-berth forward, plus additional quarter berth. Head has been removed but thru-hulls are still there. Bargain boat at \$625 cash (firm) to get on the water this summer. Why so cheap? Plexiglas windows are old and cloudy, balsa core foredeck is like a trampoline, and for some reason the safety lines have been removed, although bow & stern pulpits are still there. All seat/berth cushions have good vinyl covers, but all zippers are shot. Boat comes w/anchor and line, but not much else. Can be inspected in Harpswell, ME where it is hauled on my shore. I'll put it overboard for the lucky buyer.
SAM POWERS, Harpswell, ME, (207) 833-2479, idealpowers@yahoo.com (4)



Shoal Cat Power Catamaran, 17-1/2' hull w/7' beam & 11" draft, all hand lay-up w/Honda 50hp 4-stroke ob that sips gas & purrs quietly. Removeable alum T-top, custom canvas spray dodger, dual batteries, alum trlr, jack plate. Has been across Gulf Stream to the Bahamas & back but will also skim across the flats to the most remote waters when you get there. The most seaworthy & stable small craft I have ever owned. Located north FL. \$11,500.
JEFF RUSSELL, Perry, FL, (850) 584-8123, <JDRussell@gtcom.net> (4)

17' Canoe, wood/fg. \$400.
DOC CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, edeshea@tdstelme.net (4)



20' NimbleVagabond, tropical mini-trawler, '91. 30hp Honda 4-stroke, 7' dbl berth, head, sink, dual batts, GPS, VHF, sounder, stereo, solar charger, handrails, trlr. All in exc cond. \$16,900.
TOM HIGGINS, Cedar Key, FL, (352) 543-5503. (4)

Crawford Melonseed, Roger's '00 Annapolis Sailboat Show showboat, dark blue hull, grey deck, tanbark sail, comes w/ pair Shaw & Tenney leathered, spoonbill oars, Bristol Bronze raised oarlocks, full mooring cover, Load Rite Bandit trlr w/spare. Lightly used, garaged in Doylestown, PA, \$7,500.
JON MYERS, Philadelphia, PA, (215) 763-4872 (H), (215) 841-5488 (W), svmelusine@comcast.net (4)



'98 SeaPearl 21, DragonSong; hull #398, one of the last built by Ron Johnson. Integral water ballast. Lightly sailed. "Classic Pearl" package w/tanbark vertical batten sails, heavy teak rail, epoxy bottom, anchor, lights. 2 motors: MinnKota EX42 & Honda BF2. Added air-bag flotation. Galv Continental trlr w/bearing buddies. More pix at http://www.tsca.net/puget/Dragon_Song.htm. \$8,800 obo.
JOHN WEISS, Seattle, WA, (206) 368-7354 or (206) 484-0372, jrweiss@attglob al.net. (5)



'94 Peep Hen 14', gaff-rigged catboat, 9" draft (board up), manufactured by Custom Fiberglass. Gorgeous cond. Forest green hull, white topside, white sail. Used primarily in fresh water. Sheltered under a tarp during the off season. My wife calls our mini-cruiser/daysailer a "wine and cheese" sailboat. She (the boat, not my wife) is gentle, fun, easy to handle, and virtually immune to capsizing (come to think of it, so is my wife). The boat has all the standard features (ice chest, galley tubs, full set of cushions, sail & tiller cover, bimini, etc.) plus lotsa neat custom stuff (boom vang, wood decked anchor well, mast hoops, reinforced gal-lows, seat cushion restraining straps, etc.). I will be pleased to email or USPS Mail a pdf file to the prospective buyer that shows all of the customizing I have done on this boat. The Peep Hen has been described as bordering on a "cult classic." Over the years, *Ah-So* has prompted many inquiring comments from curious passersby. I am selling the boat with a 3.3 Mercury ob used less than 50 hrs. The Magic Tilt ET-16 trlr has bearing buddies, excellent tires & submersible lights. A previously owned Peep Hen is very difficult to find in ANY condition, let alone as fine a boat as *Ah-So*. I am selling the boat because she is infrequently used; the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina present nary a breeze during most of the summer. My asking price is \$7,950, but I would be willing to be whittled down to \$7,499 if you promise to give the boat a good home. Feel free to call me to talk about the boat (and/or the wife).
ED KESGEN, Sylva, NC, (828) 508-2123, ekesgen@hughes.net (5)



17' FG Sea Kayak, vy gd cond, Gillies (Canadian) design, rudder, teal w/red trim, 49lbs, 24" wide. \$1,100. 16' 9" FG Sea Kayak, like-new cond, Point 65N (Swedish) design (see www.point65.com), retractable skeg, yellow top w/white bottom, 59lbs, 21+ inches wide, \$1,500. Mitchell wooden paddle \$50 & kayak skirt \$35.
BILL COOGAN, Westbrook, ME, (207) 591-5049 (5)

'83 Dovekie, w/back porch, trolling motor mount, outboard motor mount, full cover, spruce spars, navigation lights, Edey & Duff galv trlr, 12v trolling & more. My age & physical problems necessitate sale at \$4,500. 5hp Tohatsu long shaft ob is available.
BOB RUNDUS, Champaign, IL, brundus@insightbb.com (4)

Heritage 15' Sliding Seat Rowing Craft, from Little River Marine. 40" beam, 95lbs., fg. Stable, comfortable, practical, classic good looks, lap-strake hull, swooping sheer & wineglass stern. Teak transom & gunnels, carbon/glass fiber STD spoons. Great salty look, great fun & great exercise. Vy lightly used 1 season. New: \$6,000. Sell: \$3,500.
MARK RUSSO, Plympton, MA, (781) 582-2140. (4)



Catspaw Dinghy, designer Herreshoff & White, custom built '92 by Greg LaSchum to plans from WoodenBoat. Cedar & mahogany over white oak frames, finished bright. Incl 2 pr custom oars, compl spritsail rig, custom canvas cover, custom trlr. Exc cond. Appraised at \$6,900, copy available on request. This lovely boat must find a new home. Make offer.

KRISTIN ANDERSON, Apalachicola, FL, (850) 6532249, kristin@kristinworks.com (5)

Boats for Sale, Minnesota non-profit must turn excess inventory into working capital. See photos & descriptions at www.urbanboatbuilder.org. Canoes, wherry, kayaks, skiffs. Also others not on website, incl 4 Bumble Bee prams, a 3-seat kayak, even an 18' electric launch; call for more information.

URBAN BOATBUILDERS, 1460½ University Ave., St. Paul MN 55104, (651) 644-9225 (5)

3 Geodesic Aerolite Boats, last 3 designed and built by the late Platt Monfort. 8' Black Fly, Nordic pram. 13' Blivit, decked planing sailboat. 12' Cricket, sailboat. See website gaboats.com for photos. Prefer buyer pickup, crating & shipping costs unreal. Fairly priced, but there will be no more.

BETTE MONFORT, Westport, ME, (207) 882-5504, bette@monfort.us (5)

Beetle Cat, sound hull, no broken or sistered ribs. Nds paint, varnish & TLC. Several items nd repair incl 1 pintle, 1 gudgeon, mooring cleat, cb pennant & rubrail. Sail & spars in gd cond. New sail cover & cockpit cover. Trlr. Call for details. \$3,500.

BEE HARVEY, Strafford, NH, (603) 664-5681 (5)

Penguin #7990, kit built '66, restored '03. Double floor, wood spars, 3 sails, trlr. See photo in display ad in this issue. \$500.

R. ELLERS, Warren, OH, (330) 399-6237, GeeRichard@aol.com (4)

18' Old Town Canoe, '49, exc cond \$2,000/obo. 19' Wherry, fg, Pantiadosi Rig. \$1,000

JAMES B. YUILLE, Essex, CT, (860) 391-2337. (4)



14' Chamberlain Dory Skiff, custom built '04 using glued lap construction over mold. Beautiful! Quick transition between rowing & sailing using brailing line. 2 oars, cover, trlr. Fun to sail & row. Always draws compliments on the water. \$2,900.

JOE FERNON, Annapolis, MD, (410) 903-4284. (5)



Bobcat, Bolger's 12' plywood catboat. Homebuilt '98, West System™ over marine ply w/Beetle Cat sails & spars (old but useable cond). Just finished building Chebacco so Bobcat has to go. Boat & gd trlr \$1,500.

MARSTON CLOUGH, Martha's Vineyard, MA, (508) 693-9190, cloughm@hotmail.com (5)

17' Perception Eclipse Sea Kayak, paddle, life jacket, neoprene skirt, roof racks. \$899.

DUNCAN REID, Somers, CT, (860) 749-7524 (H), (860) 593-9368 (C), (401) 275-3000 xt 1914 (W), duncan.reid@aol.com (H), duncan.reid@fmglobal.com (W) (5)

14' Florida Bay Boat Co. Peep Hen, shoal draft, swing keel, microcruiser, slps 2. Sail cover, bimini, chemical toilet, closed cell seat cushions, swim ladder, 2.2 Merc ob, Arrow galv tilt trlr w/spare tire, caster jack, bearing buddies, anchor. Used in fresh water only. Always garaged. \$6,000.

HARRY WEAVER, Lehigh, PA (570) 386-2189, pinscher@ptd.net Subject line SAILBOAT. (4)

11'6" Charlotte Lapstrake Canoe, 25lbs. Built by Tom Hill, bought at Newport Boat Show by orig owner. Ash Shaw & Tenney double paddle. Both in new cond, just not getting used. Price reduced to \$1,600. Located near St. Augustine, FL.

TONY FIORE, Palm Coast, FL, (386) 446-5519, tntfiore@cfl.rr.com (4)

16' Dory, w/2 sets pulling oars & 2 sweep oars. Exceptionally beautiful lines, built late '20s. should be refastened. \$485.

GORDON GEASLAND, Conshohocken, PA, (610) 940-2668 (4)



Menemsha 24, Bob Baker classic keel/cb fg sloop, 24x8x2.8/5.3. RI-built 1970, recent fore-deck rehab, new cockpit seats, coaming, toe rails, virtually new sails & yanmar diesel. Bronze/teak wheel steering. \$14.2K.

BOB KUGLER, Westport, MA, 508-636-2236 (5)

BOATS WANTED

12', 13', or 14' Bahama Dinghys, built in Abaco, Bahama. Needed for sailing program at Wyannie Malone Museum, Hopetown. Can be sailing or sculling versions.

SAM HUMMEL, 1907 Rosecrest Dr, Greensboro, NC 27408, (336) 288-7237, samhummel@consultant.com (4)

Rowboat, lightweight 8'-12', preferably 2 person craft.

DEBORAH HARRIS, Great Barrington, MA, (413) 528-9027, musicmoves@hotmail.com (7)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Penguin Dinghy Sail, exc quality Egyptian cotton by Grant Gambell. Older but has seen little use, vy gd cond. \$80 + shipping.

Don Bamman, Lamoine, ME, (207) 667-1952 (4)

GEAR FOR SALE

Lead Keel, approx 350lbs casting 84" x 4.5" x 2". Can be cut up for moving. Too heavy to ship, must pick up. No partial sales. \$125 firm (current scrap price is \$.60/lb).

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906 7-10am, 5-9pm (4)

Utility Trailer, modified for canoe travel. Steel frame w/plywood box & lockable cabinet & removable cross mounts especially designed to carry two canoes or kayaks (up to 18' long) & mountains of gear. Large diameter wheels, new bearings, new tires, spare incl. \$700 firm. Can be seen in Lovell, Maine after 6/1.

KEVIN HARDING, Sedona, AZ, (207) 925-1205 after 6/1, leave message (4)



New! The Poop Deck Crew T-Shirt, profits from the sale of this T-Shirt support the SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in the US & Canada. Show your support for these gentle giants when you wear your Poop Deck Shirt featuring a Newf Dog and his canine mates including a German Shepherd, Springer Spaniel, English Bulldog, Poodle, Golden Retriever—even a Chihuahua! 100% heavyweight US made blue cotton Tee. Large imprint on front. Sizes M-XL \$17, XXL \$19. S&H \$4.75 on all orders. Send MO or Check.

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Bronze OB Brackets, pr for 45 degree transom, lg sailboat, 10lbs ea. 12" x 24" x 2". \$25 pr. Too heavy to ship at this price, must pick up. **Bronze Fastenings**, 6 boxes new: 5/16"-18 x 3-1/2" carriage bolts (44), 5/16"-18 hex nuts (44), 5/16" flat washers (75), 1/4"x2-1/2" lag screws (39), #10 x 1" flat head wood screws (140), #12x1" ring nails (11b). \$50 the lot firm, plus shipping, will not separate.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 5-9pm (4)

Stuff Still! Bow Pulpit, off 28' sailboat \$100. **Loran C Sitex EZ7**, nds antenna coupler \$50. **3hp Johnson OB**, '50s era in family since new (nds more carb work) \$300. **Ronstan Nicro Fico Snatch Blocks**, (2) trunnion & swivel \$127/pr. **Hanging Bunk & Cabin Table**, from 28' sloop, together \$200. **Emergency Gibson Girl Radio Transmitter**, for life raft ca '50s (?) \$100.
DOC CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, edeshea@tdstlme.net (4)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Peter H. Spectre's *Compass Rose Review*, updated periodically. Read it at www.compassrosereview.blogspot.com.
PETER SPECTRE, Spruce Head, ME (14P)

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DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

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ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Folding Schooner, by Phil Bolger, & perhaps other Bolger publications. Let me know what you have and prices expected.

NEIL FOLSOM, 16 Westside Sebago, Standish, ME 04084, moslof@psouth.net (4)

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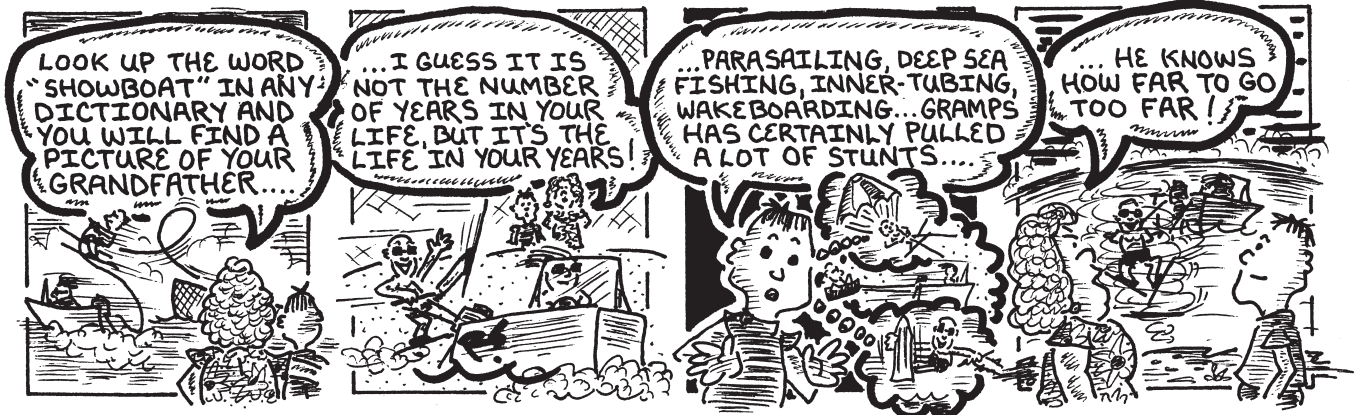
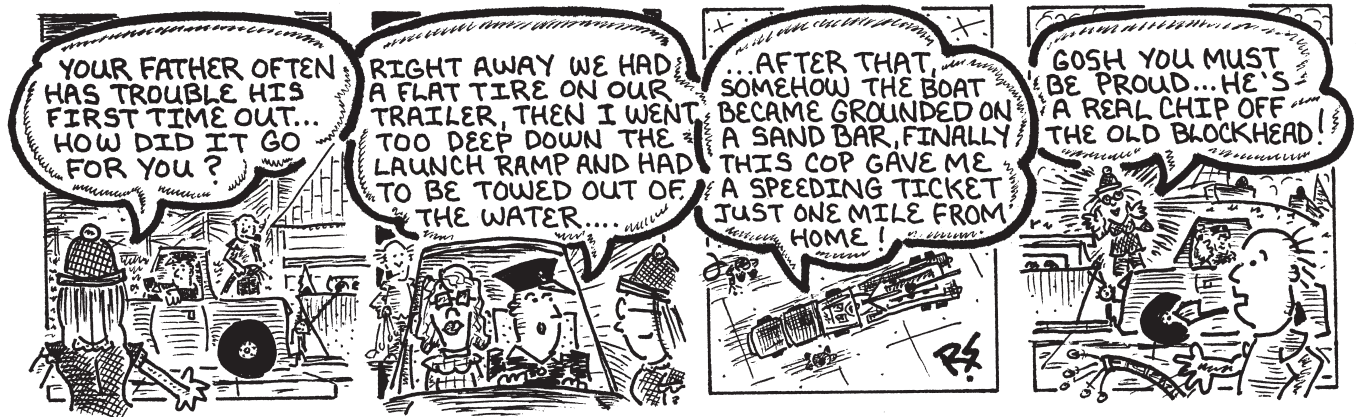
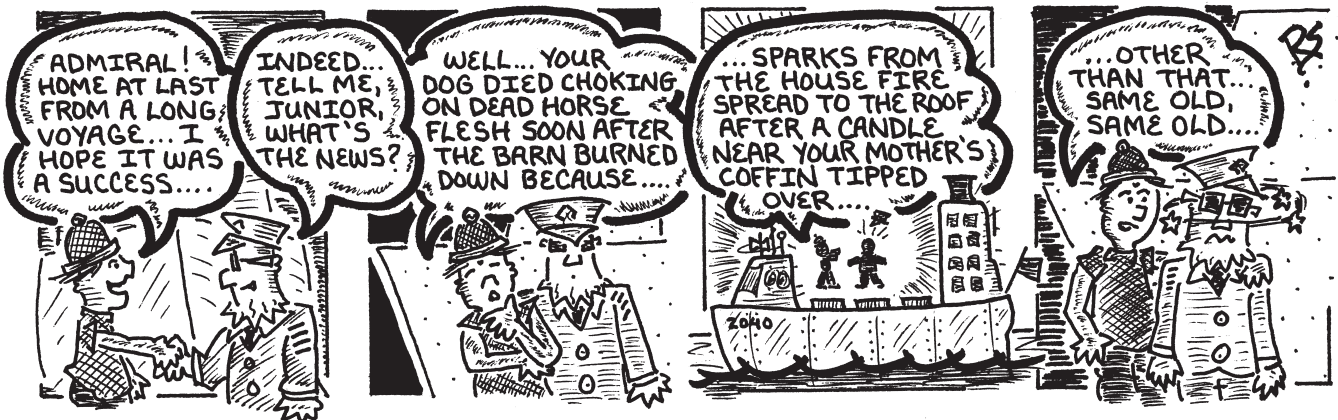
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Aug 4-6 Antique & Classic Boat Museum,
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